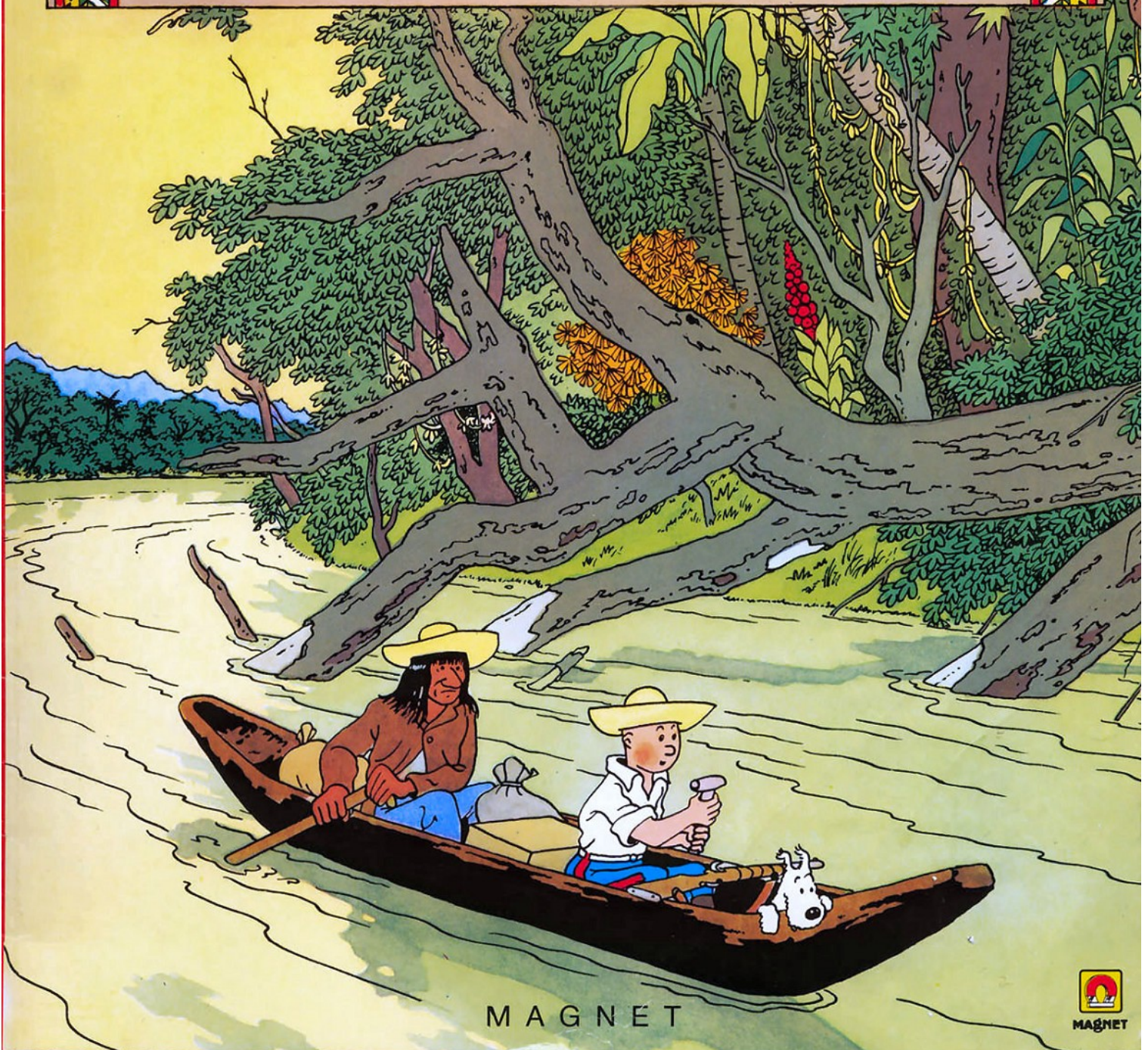


HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

**THE BROKEN EAR**



MAGNET

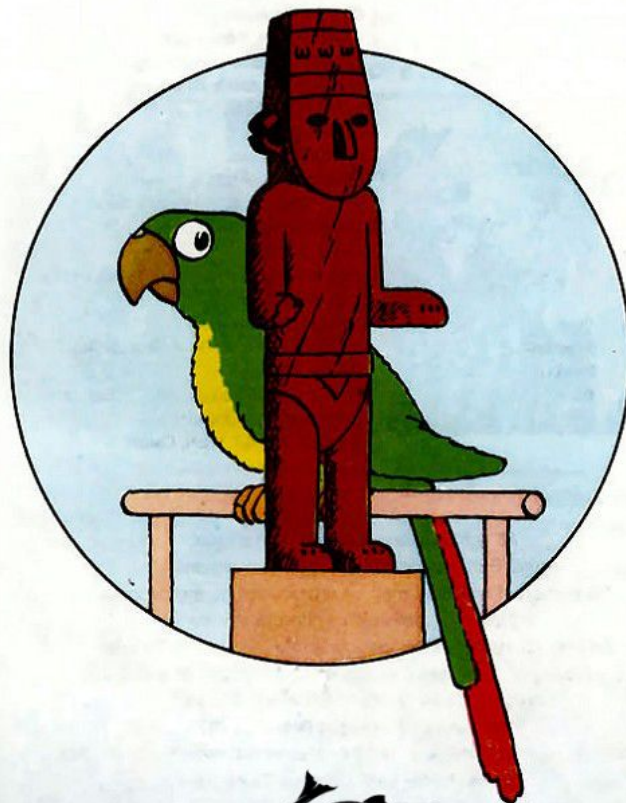




HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

# THE BROKEN EAR



A MAGNET BOOK



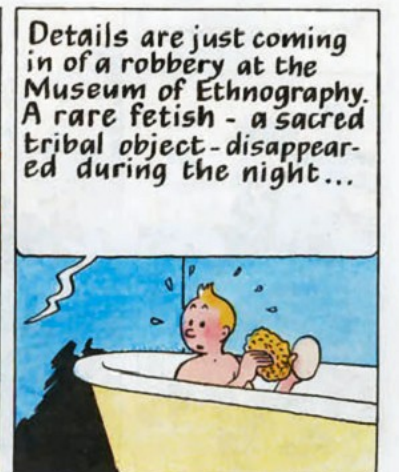
Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper  
and Michael Turner  
Artwork Remastering ©2023 Lapan

The TINTIN books are published  
in the following languages:

<i>Afrikaans:</i>		HUMAN & ROUSSEAU, Cape Town.
<i>Arabic:</i>		DAR AL MAAREF, Cairo.
<i>Basque:</i>		ELKAR, San Sebastian.
<i>Brazilian:</i>		DISTRIBUIDORA RECORD, Rio de Janeiro.
<i>Breton:</i>		CASTERMAN, Paris.
<i>Catalan:</i>		JUVENTUD, Barcelona.
<i>Chinese:</i>		EPOCH, Taipei.
<i>Danish:</i>		CARLSEN IF, Copenhagen.
<i>Dutch:</i>		CASTERMAN, Dronlen.
<i>English:</i>	U.K.:	METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS, London.
	Australia:	METHUEN AUSTRALIA, Sydney.
	Canada:	METHUEN PUBLICATIONS, Toronto.
	New Zealand:	ASSOCIATED BOOK PUBLISHERS, Auckland.
	Republic of South Africa:	HUTCHINSON GROUP, Berguki.
	Singapore:	M. P. H., Singapore.
	U.S.A.:	ATLANTIC, LITTLE BROWN, Boston.
<i>Esperanto:</i>		CASTERMAN, Paris.
<i>Finnish:</i>		OTAVA, Helsinki.
<i>French:</i>		CASTERMAN, Paris-Tournai.
<i>German:</i>		CARLSEN, Reinbek-Hamburg.
<i>Greek:</i>		ANGLO-HELLENIC, Athens.
<i>Icelandic:</i>		FJÖLVI, Reykjavik.
<i>Indonesian:</i>		INDIRA, Jakarta.
<i>Italian:</i>		GANDUS, Genoa.
<i>Japanese:</i>		FUKUINKAN SHOTEN, Tokyo.
<i>Korean:</i>		UNIVERSAL PUBLICATIONS, Seoul.
<i>Malay:</i>		UNITED, Pulau Pinang.
<i>Norwegian:</i>		SEMIC, Oslo.
<i>Portuguese:</i>		CENTRO DO LIVRO BRASILEIRO, Lisboa.
<i>Provençal:</i>		CASTERMAN, Paris.
<i>Spanish:</i>	Spain:	JUVENTUD, Barcelona.
	Argentina:	JUVENTUD ARGENTINA, Buenos Aires.
	Mexico:	MARIN, Mexico.
	Peru:	DISTR. DE LIBROS DEL PACIFICO, Lima.
<i>Swedish:</i>		CARLSEN IF, Stockholm.
<i>Welsh:</i>		GWASG Y DREF WEN, Cardiff.

All rights reserved under International  
and Pan-American Copyright Conventions.  
No portion of this work may be reproduced by any process  
without the publisher's written permission.  
Artwork © 1945 by Éditions Casterman, Paris and Tournai.  
Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number Afor 825  
Text © 1975 by Methuen Children's Books Ltd  
First published in Great Britain in 1975  
Published as a paperback in 1976 by Methuen Children's Books Ltd,  
11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE  
Reprinted 1977 and 1978  
Magnet edition reprinted five times  
Reprinted 1985  
Printed by Casterman, S.A., Tournai, Belgium.  
ISBN 0 416 57030 5







The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found ...

Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here ...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant: is he reliable?



Absolutely! Above suspicion! He's been with us for over twelve years and never given the least cause for complaint.

Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector ...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

Why, it's our friend Tintin!



Have you any leads?

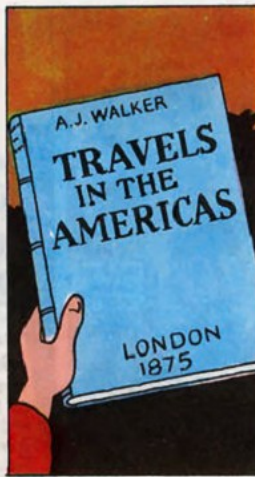
Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no in... er... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.

To be precise: it was collected by a remover.



Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.



Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare ..."



We decided to stay there. Their generosity and gave us a plentiful



... Curare! ... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing! ... Oh! "Arumbaya fetish"... But... but... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an accurate sketch they urged me to go



Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy?... Snowy isn't interested... he's gone to sleep... I think I'll follow suit.



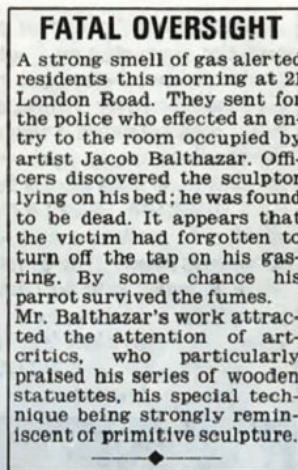
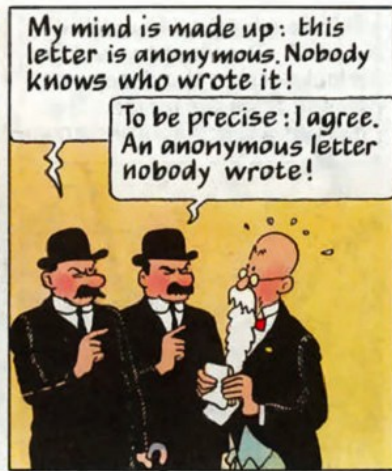
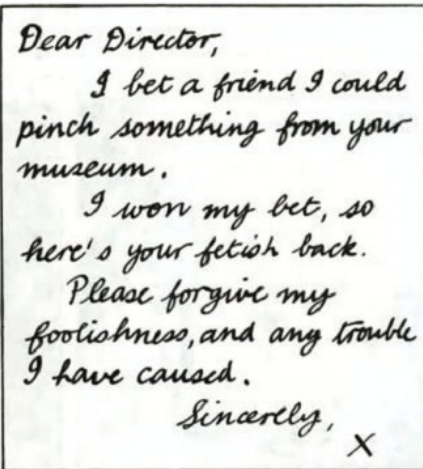
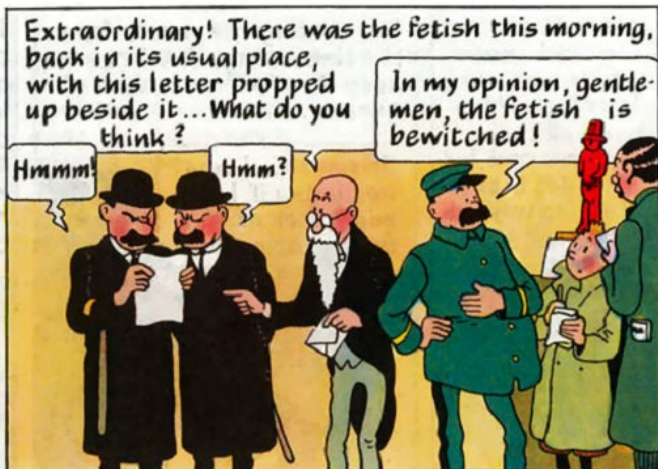
The next morning...



Yes, who is that? ... Oh, it's you, Fred... What? The fetish?... My goodness me! I'll come at once ...









Half an hour later...

Excuse me... Is this the house where Mr. Balthazar lived?



Yes, this is it. Ooh, sir, what a tragedy!... Such a polite gentleman!... And all that learning!... Maybe he wasn't all that regular with the rent, but he always paid it in the end. And such a way with animals! A parrot and three white mice, that's what he had...



I'm minding the parrot for the time being. But I can't keep it. So if you know of anyone...

Of course... I was wondering if I might look at Mr. Balthazar's room?



I'll take you up. Such a character he was... sniff... I can still see him... his everlasting black velvet suit, and that big hat... And all that smoking! A pipe in his mouth all day long, he had. But he never touched the drink...

Oh?



Here is his room...



This is where we found him... sniff... They had to send for a locksmith... the door was locked from the inside... The gas was whistling out of the ring.



A little scrap of grey flannel...



And so clever he was... Just look at those flowers: you can almost smell them...



You knew Mr. Balthazar well?

Er... that's to say... not intimately...



If by any chance you found a parrot-lover... It's such a friendly bird!

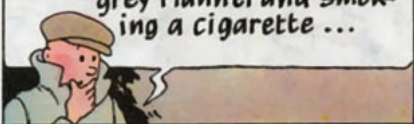
Naturally, I'll remember you. Good-bye and thanks.



An accident?... Funny sort of accident, I'd say...



A very funny accident!... The gas was whistling out of the ring. So, if the tap was on when Balthazar went to bed he'd have heard it. Unless he was drunk; but he never touched drink. Therefore someone turned the tap on after the sculptor was dead, since the gas wasn't strong enough to kill the parrot. And that someone was wearing something made of grey flannel and smoking a cigarette...



...witness the piece of cloth and the cigarette end, which couldn't have belonged to the victim: he only smoked a pipe, and he wore a velvet suit. So Mr. Balthazar was murdered. He was murdered because he'd probably made a replica of the Arumbaya fetish for someone. And someone didn't want him to talk... Someone?... Someone?... Who can that 'someone' be?... How can I find out?



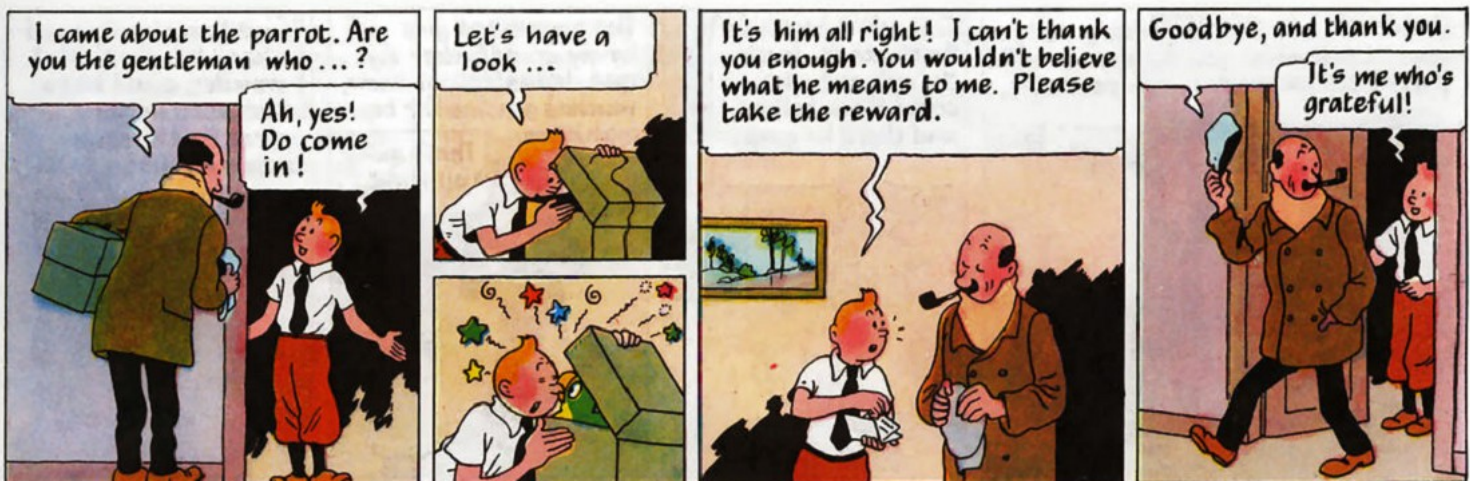
Great snakes!... Why not?!



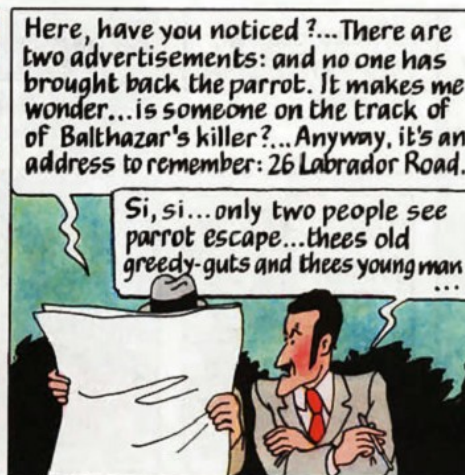




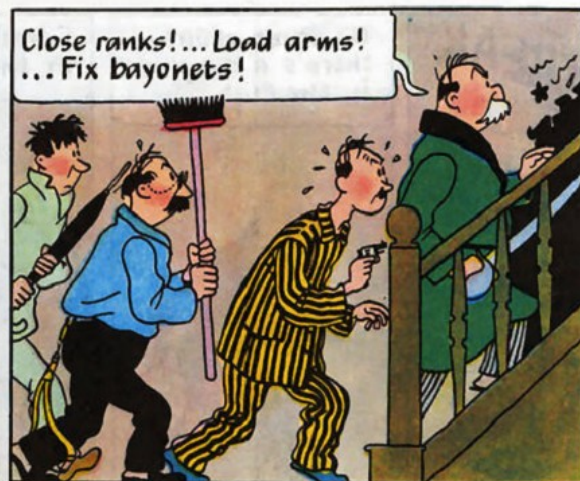




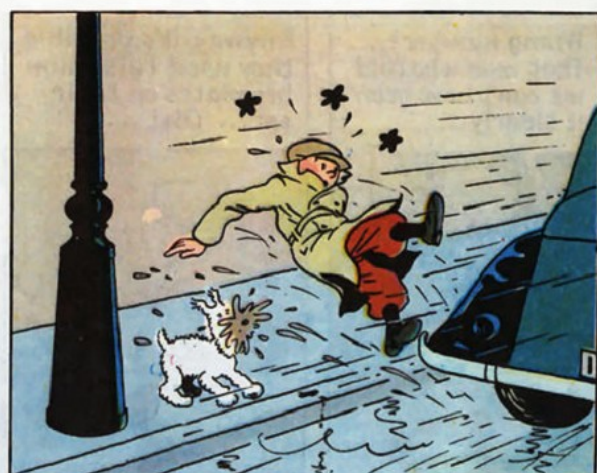




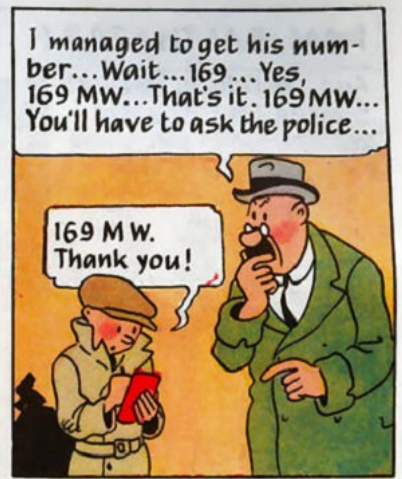
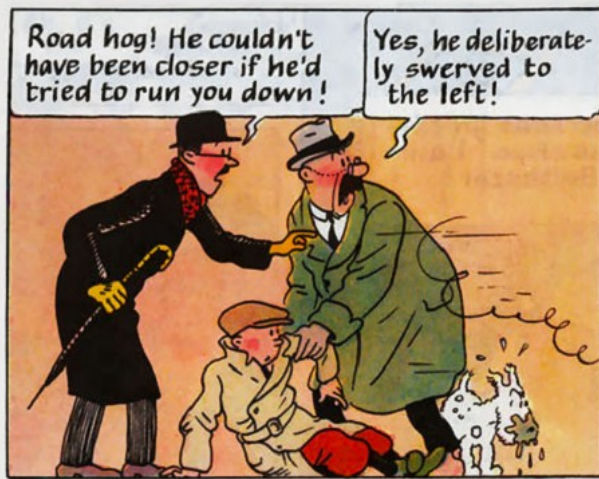














Look, Snowy! You see: 169 MW.  
Now watch: one... two...



Three!...Presto!  
... MW 691!

They just turned their numberplates  
upside down... Perfectly simple!



Now then... MW691  
...Alonso Perez,  
engineer, Sunny  
Bank, Freshfield  
... Not far from  
here to Freshfield...  
Let's go!



*That night...*



Caramba!...  
Again ees too  
much to right!



Ha! ha! ha!...  
Caramba!...  
WHOOPEE!



Estúpido  
parrot! You  
shut up!

All you need do is  
aim more to the  
left: that way  
you hit the bulls-  
eye...



Muy bien, aim  
more to the  
left?...  
Why not?



GRRREAT GREEDY-  
GUTS!



Silencio!  
Silencio!  
animal  
maldito!

Grrreat greedy-guts!  
Grrreat greedy-guts!  
PWARK!  
PWARK!



You!!...  
You take  
that!



You fool! What are  
you doing?...

Carrramba!...  
Missed again!...



Crazy idiot! Think  
what that parrot  
means to us! Are  
you out of your  
mind? What about  
the fetish?



Fetish! Fetish! Al infierno  
weeth thees fetish!...  
And I wreeng the neck  
of thees feelthy  
parrot!...



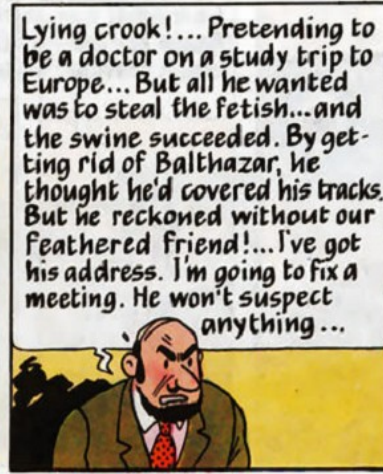
Calm down,  
Ramón!

Carrramba!  
...Ha! ha!  
ha!...  
Grrreat  
greedy-  
guts!



Caramba!







Now, clever Señor Tortilla, the fun begins!



Several days later...

Well? Still nothing?

Nothing. No sign of heem anywhere!



Perhaps he see us and he keep to hees cabin... Or maybe he nevaire come aboard thees ship... Een thees case...

Ssh! Someone's coming...



Did you see?...



That feegure... eet could be...

Tintin, couldn't it?



No, ciertamente ees impossible! ... Also, how could he know?



Sssh!



Or him?



It's crazy! We've started seeing Tintins around every corner! They're all fairly short... O.K.... But what does that prove?

...Ees right.



But no, ees not right! Eet ees heem! Ees first one, thees one in the cap. I remember heem: ees in same aeroplane and he seet behind us. Ees following us. I tell you, ees Tintin!



All right, there's only one answer. He's got to go!

Esta noche... to-night, after the dinner, we feex heem good!



That evening...



Now don't forget: aim a little more to the left...



Goodnight! ... Oh!

Goodnight to you!



A weeg! Ees wearing a weeg! Ciertamente, ees heem!

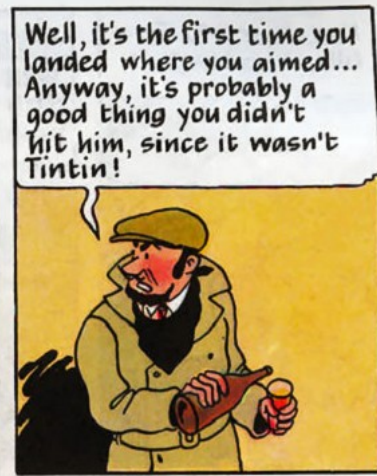
Careful, he's coming! Now above all, don't miss!



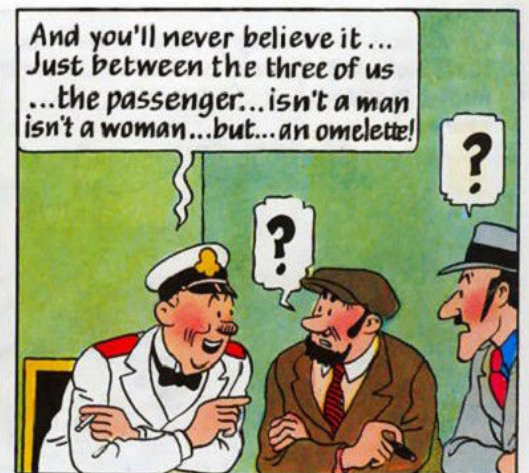
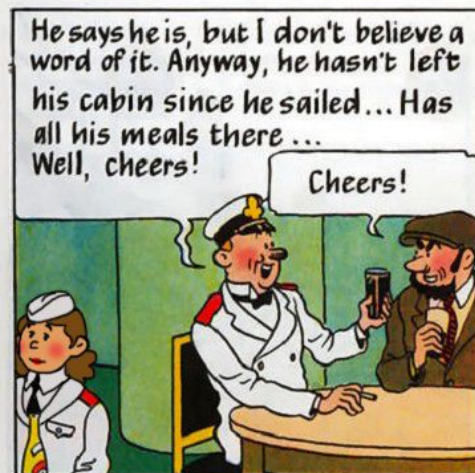
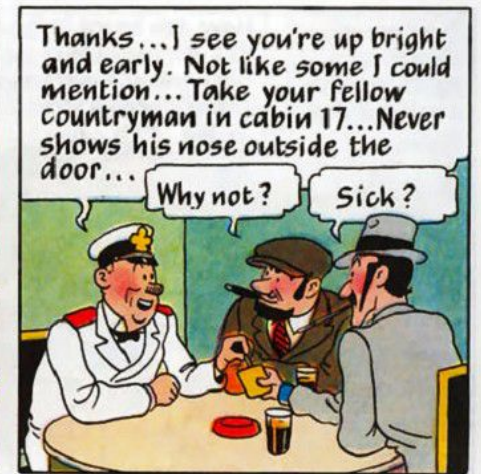
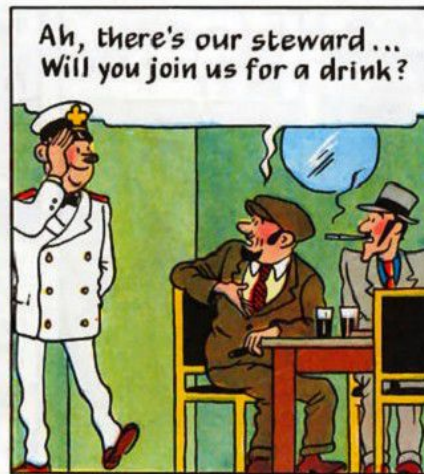
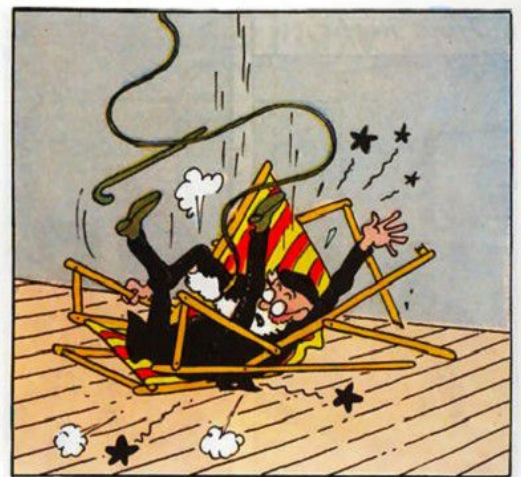
OOH! ... HELP! ... MURDER! HELP!



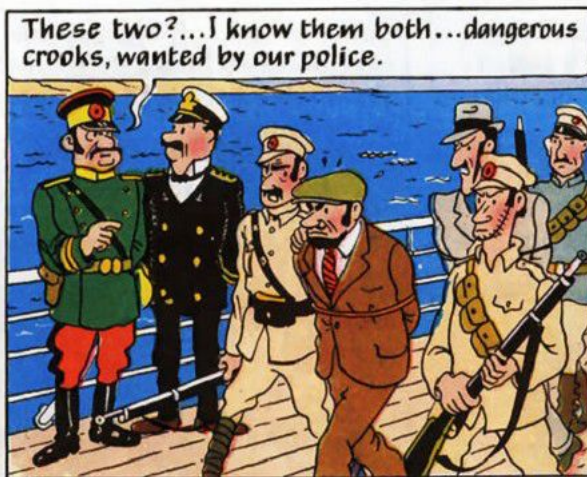
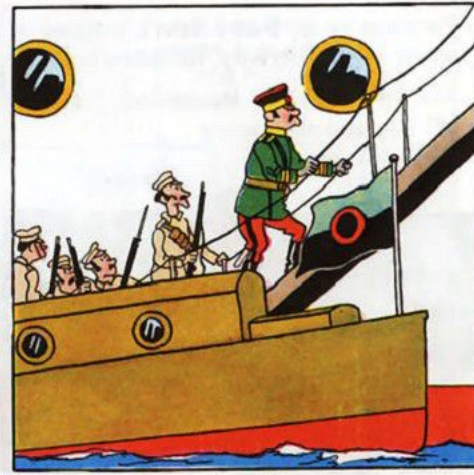
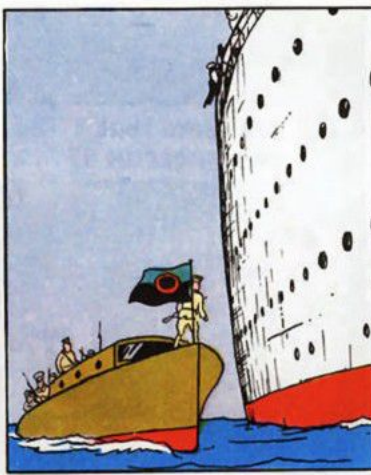
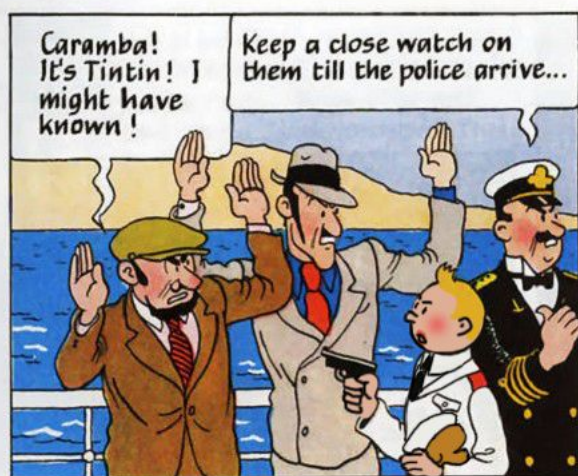
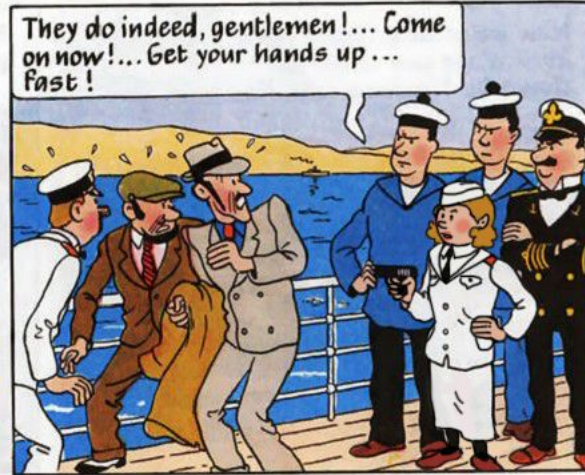
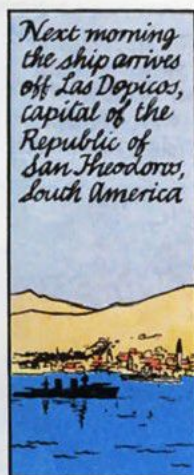
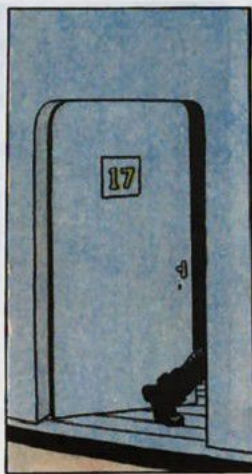














Good idea of yours to meet the boat... Excellent... But there's still the fetish...

Don't worry... they won't have it for long!



...And that's the whole story. Look, here's the fetish they stole from the wretched Tortilla. Does anything in particular strike you about it?

I reckon it's another fake. The right ear isn't broken.



Exactly. So we still need to know two things. First, where's the real fetish... and then, what are all these gangsters really after?

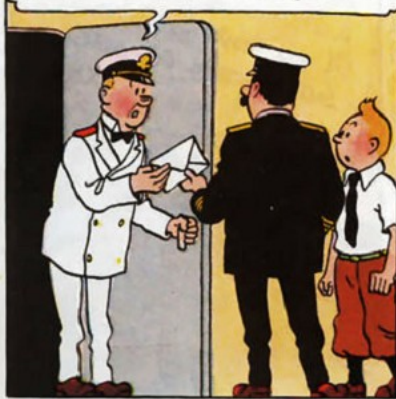


RAT TAT TAT

Come in!



A letter for Mr. Tintin, sir. A police launch just brought it.



Republic of San Theodoros  
Ministry of Justice  
Los Dopicos

The Minister presents his compliments to Mr. Tintin and requests his presence ashore to assist in the interrogation of two suspects. Mr. Tintin is further invited to bring with him the stolen fetish. An officer will meet Mr. Tintin on shore and put himself at his disposal.



Things are beginning to move. I'll just get myself ready and then I'll go.



See you later! Good luck!

Thanks, goodbye.



Don't forget, we'll be sailing tonight at eight o'clock.



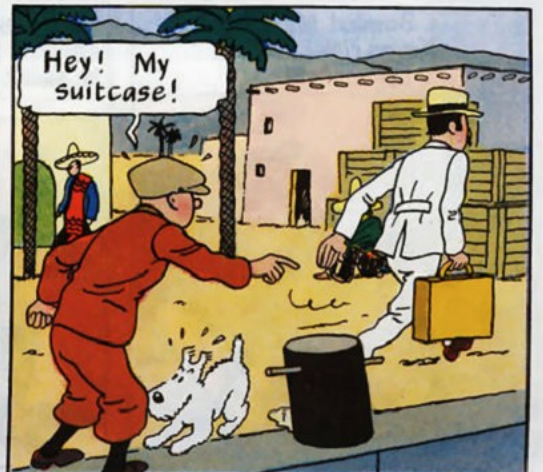
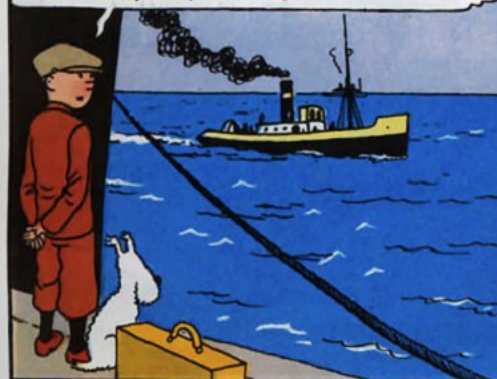
Don't worry, I'll be back. I don't want to get stuck in this place!



All right then, that's understood. You'll pick me up here at 1900 hours.



Now we just have to wait for that obliging officer to come and put himself at my disposal!









Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain... He'll get me out easily enough.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



Yes, and I guess he'll have a long wait for his master...

1900 hours...



Perdone, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?

Yes, how d'you know that?



Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right, thank you.



That's that taken care of!



There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.



... And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Dopicos

Dear Captain,  
As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you.

However, something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish, forcing me to stay longer in Las Dopicos.

I am extremely sorry if I have inconvenienced you.

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back...



TOOOOT TOOOOT

That's the "Ville de Lyon"!



They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!



This time it's hopeless... I can't see any way to get myself off the hook...

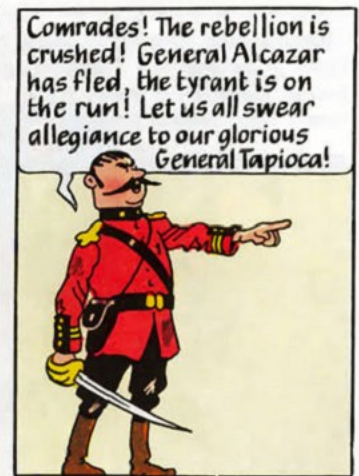


And next morning...

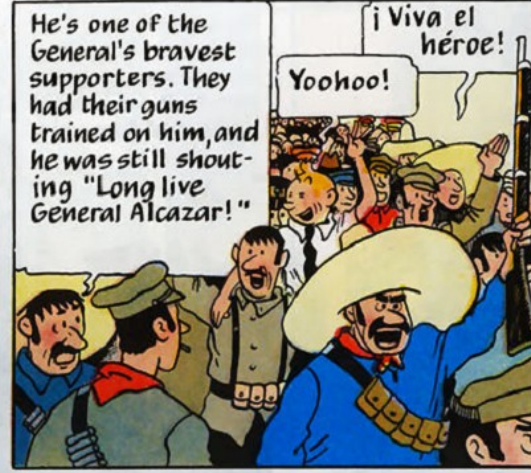
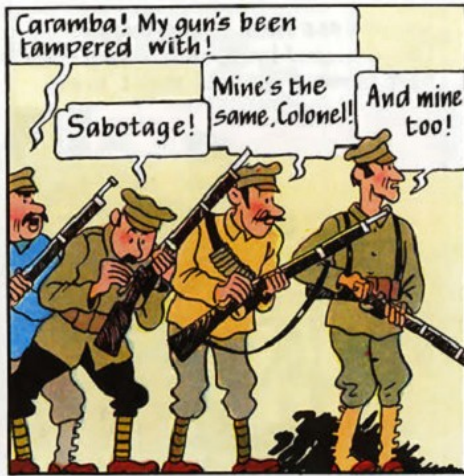
Squad!... Ready!...













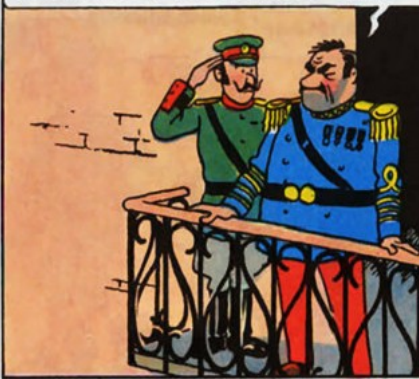


¡Viva el héroe!

Hooray!

Golly! ...  
Look,  
there's  
Tintin!

Go and see what's happening,  
Colonel...and bring that young man  
here to me. I want to meet him.



I've already been shot three  
times...so a fourth time makes  
no odds to me. I'm used to it.



Here he is, General...he was sentenced  
to death by General Tapioca. Our men  
arrived just as the firing squad were  
going to shoot him. They had their  
rifles up, and this courageous fellow  
was still shouting "Long live General Alca-  
zar!"



¡Muy bien! I am General Alcazar,  
and I need men like you! As a  
mark of my appreciation, I  
appoint you colonel aide-de-camp.



Thanks very much  
... but I'd like my  
hand back!

But...don't you think, General, it  
might be wiser to make him a corporal?  
We only have forty-nine corporals, whereas  
there are already three thousand four  
hundred and eighty-seven colonels. So...



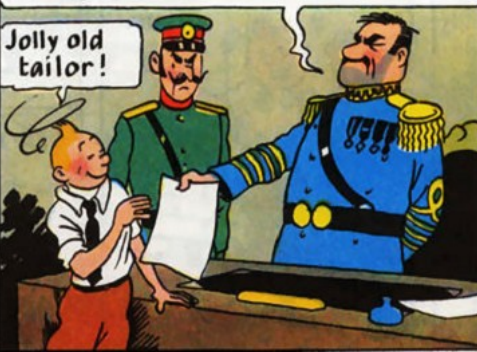
Enough!!

I shall do as I like! I'm in com-  
mand! But since you consider we  
are short of corporals I will add  
to their number. Colonel Diaz, I  
appoint you corporal!



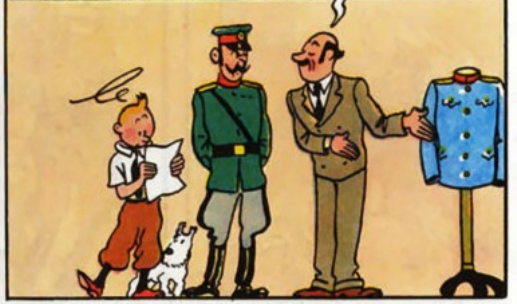
Yes, General!

Here's your colonel's commission,  
young man. Now, go and get yourself  
kitted out. Corporal Diaz here will  
take you to the tailor.



Jolly old  
tailor!

A colonel's uniform for our young friend?  
...Excellent! I had this all ready for  
Colonel Fernandez, who fled with Gen-  
eral Tapioca...He was just the same size...  
And for yourself?...A corporal's outfit?  
I have just the thing...



My career is in  
ruins. But I'll have  
my revenge, on you  
and that confound-  
ed General Alcazar!



That night ...

Comrades, we have  
a new member...an  
officer who preferred to resign his commis-  
sion rather than continue to serve a tyrant!  
He will take the oath.



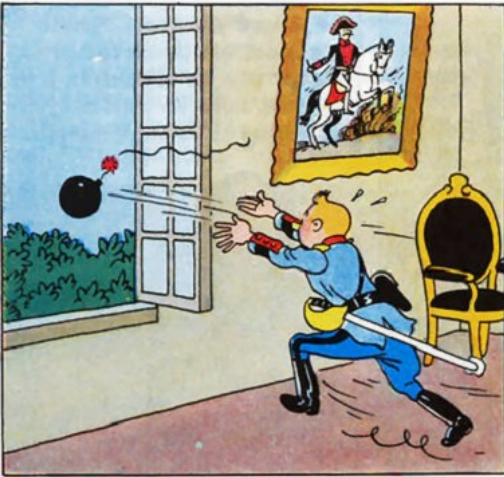
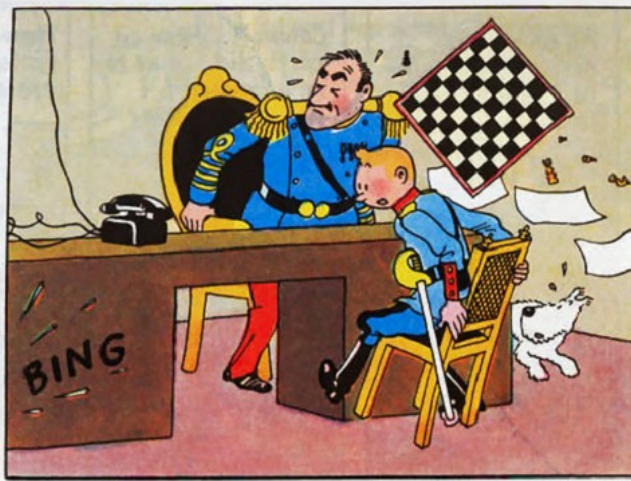
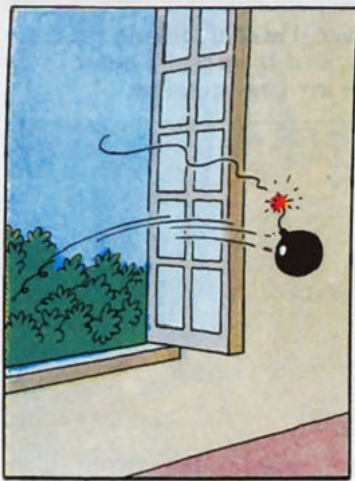
I swear obedience to the laws  
of our society. I promise to  
fight against tyranny with all  
my strength. My watchword  
henceforward is the same as  
yours: liberty or death!



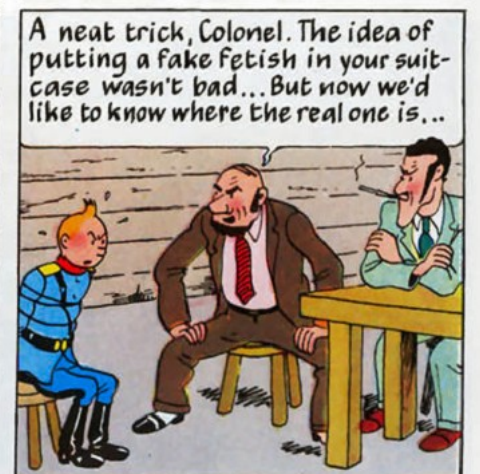
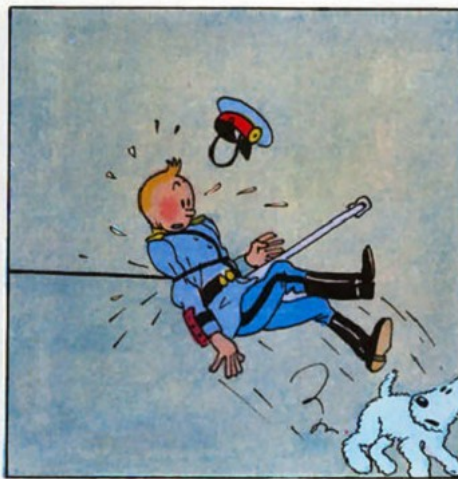




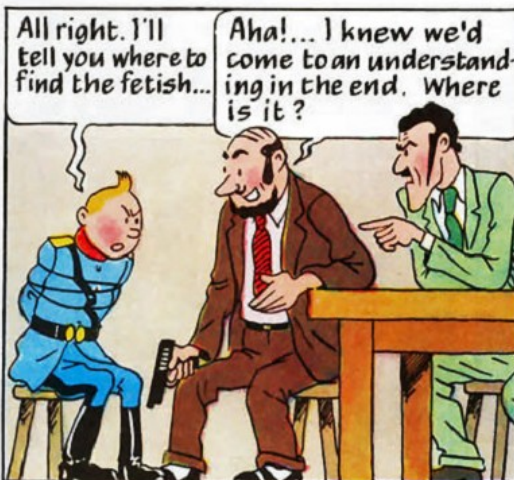
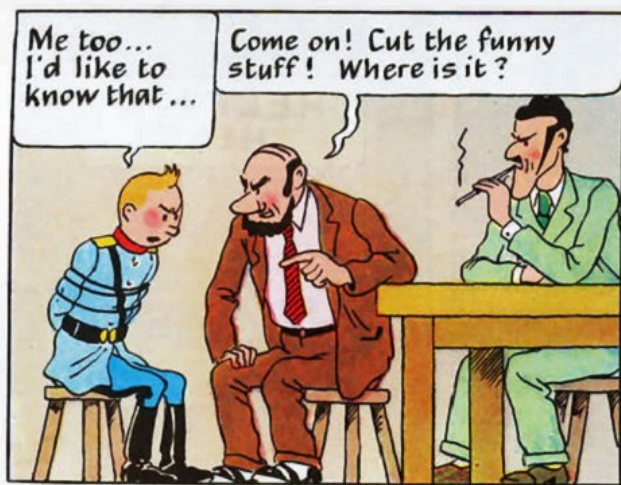




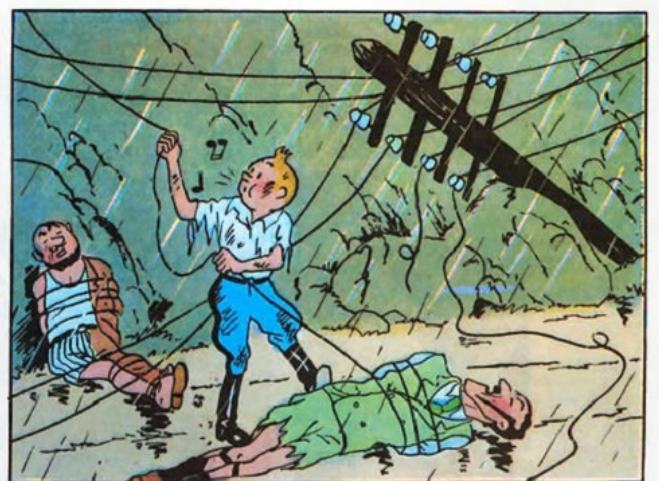




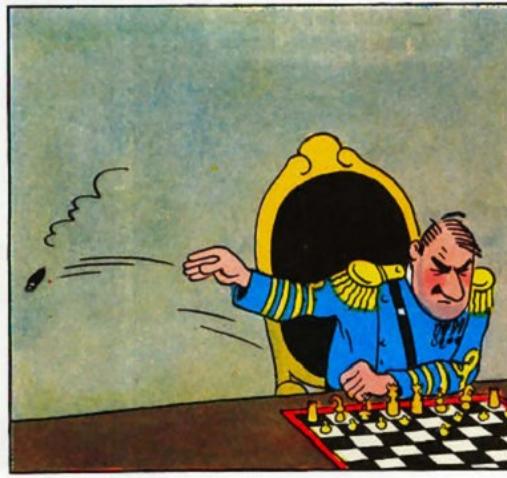




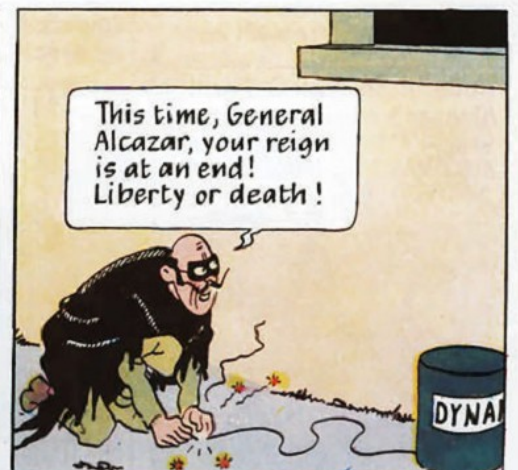
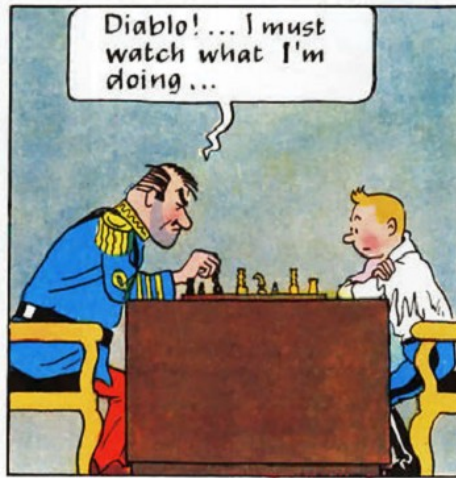




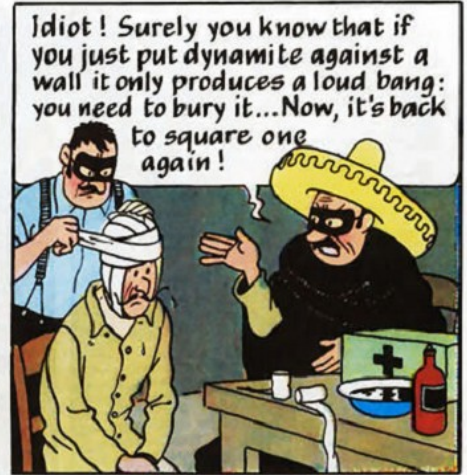














R.W. Trickler, representative, General American Oil. All right, show him in.



Good morning. Do please sit down.



Well, Colonel, the reason I'm here... I heard yesterday...

Please excuse me...

Yes, of course...



Hello?... Hello?... Yes, Captain... What?!... They've escaped!



We are free, and soon the fetish ees ours!



And soon we'll have our revenge too; we have old scores to settle with Tintin!

Now, sir... I'm all yours...



Well, a geological survey party has just announced evidence of oil deposits in the Gran Chapo region... the desert lying partly in your own country and partly in the neighbouring territory, the Republic of Nuevo-Rico.



General American Oil seeks to obtain a concession to work these fields. Obviously, your government will have an interest in the profits that would accrue...



I see. I'm afraid General Alcazar is ill, and I cannot...



Of course, of course. But you could render us invaluable service. I mentioned that part of the oil fields lie in Nuevo-Rican territory. My company wishes to exploit the whole region: so it follows that you must take over the area.

But... that would mean war!



Unfortunately, yes. But what can one do? You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, can you, Colonel?



So, here's the reason for my visit. We will give you 100,000 dollars in cash if you will persuade General Alcazar to undertake the campaign... Is it a deal?



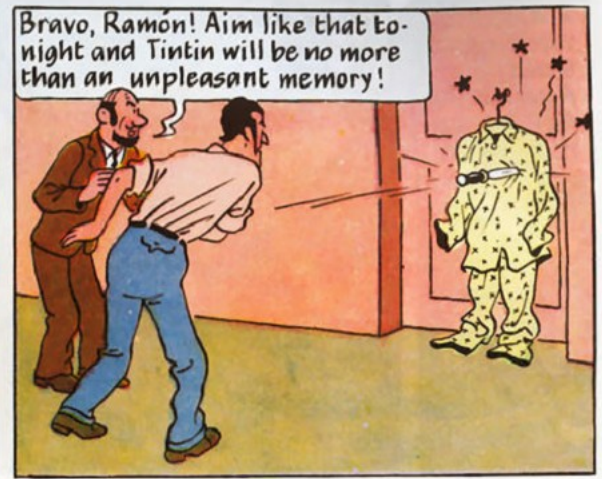
You're making a big mistake in refusing my offer. But, just as you wish, Colonel! Goodbye!



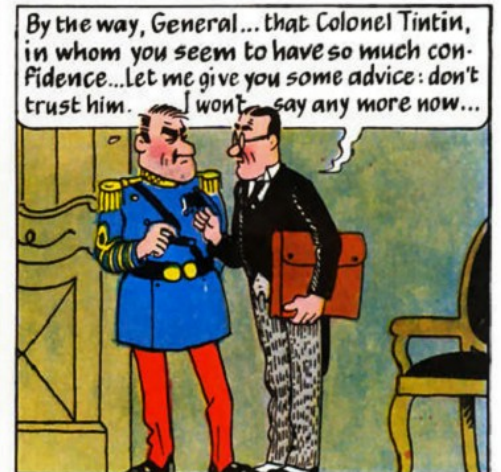
A dangerous fellow! He could wreck all our plans. I must have a word with Rodriguez about him...



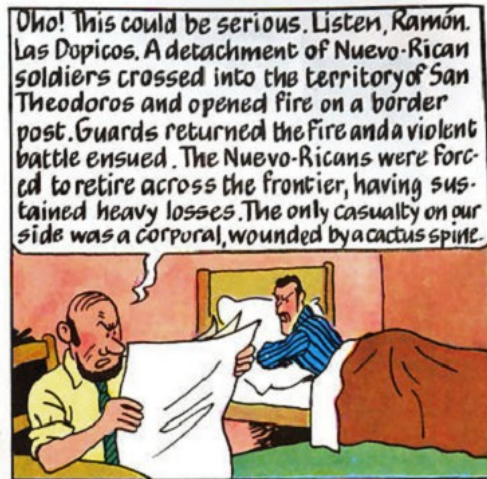
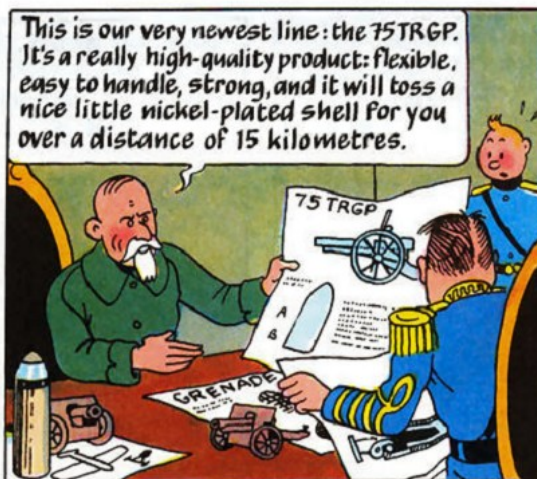




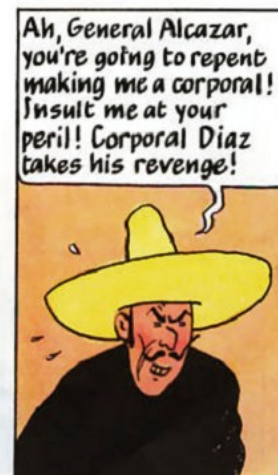
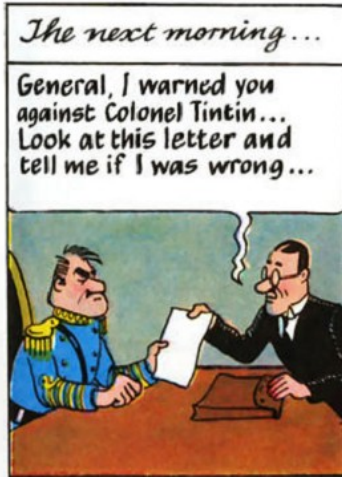
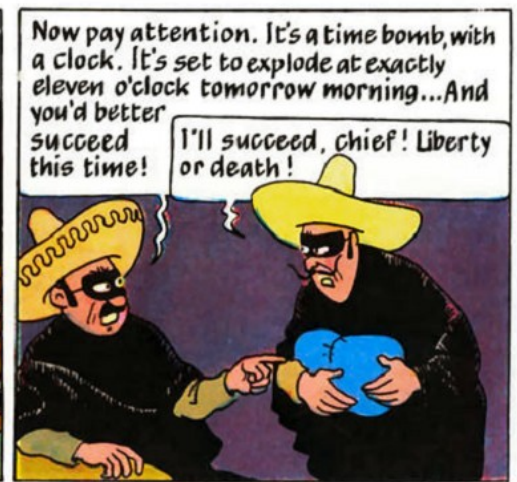




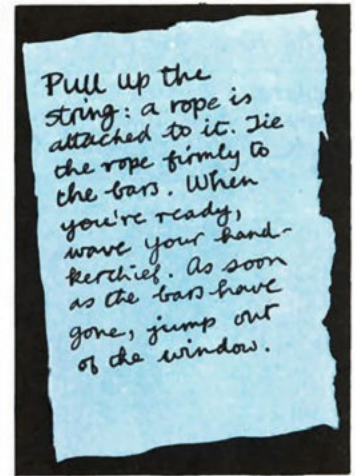
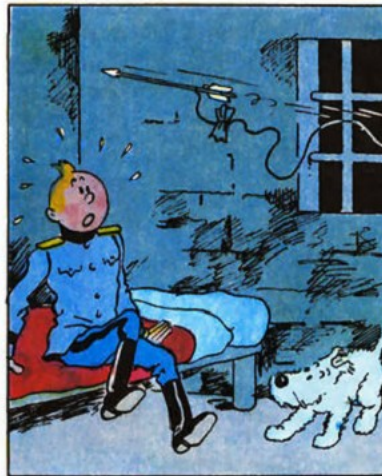
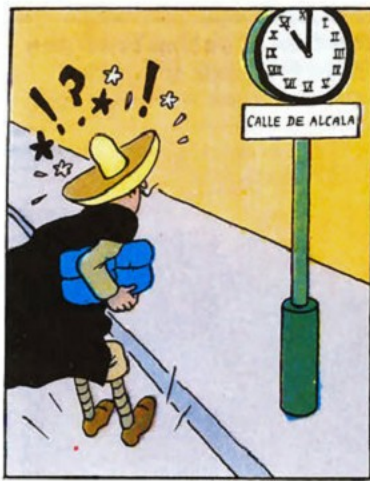




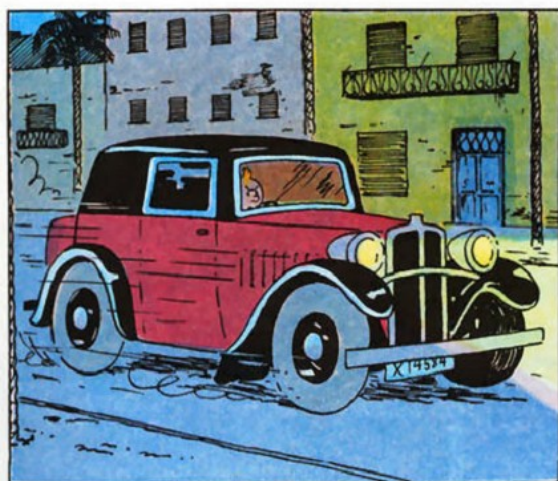
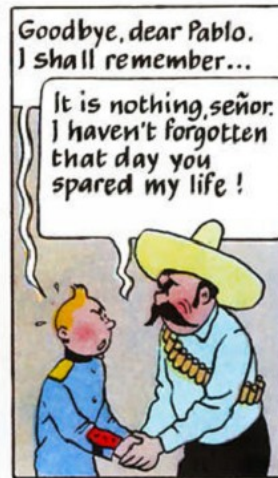












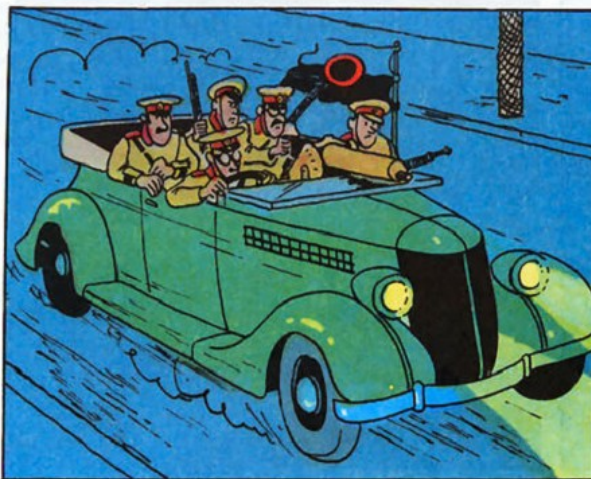




Tintin went past  
in a car...head-  
ing south!



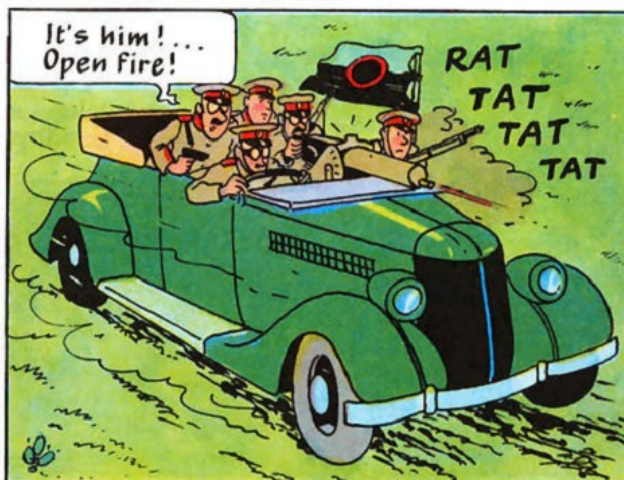
I want him,  
dead or  
alive!



Next morning, at dawn...

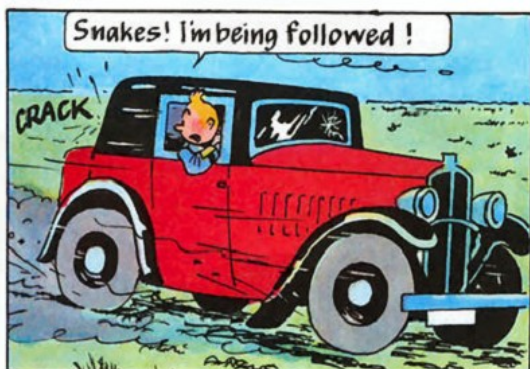


There!!

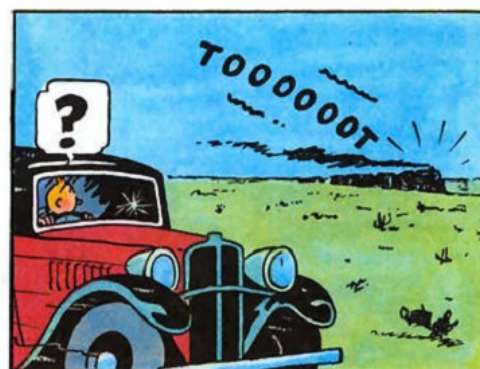
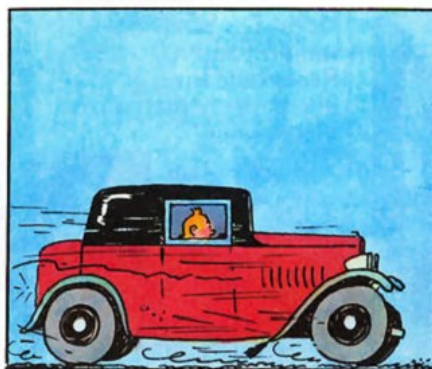


It's him!...  
Open fire!

RAT  
TAT  
TAT  
TAT



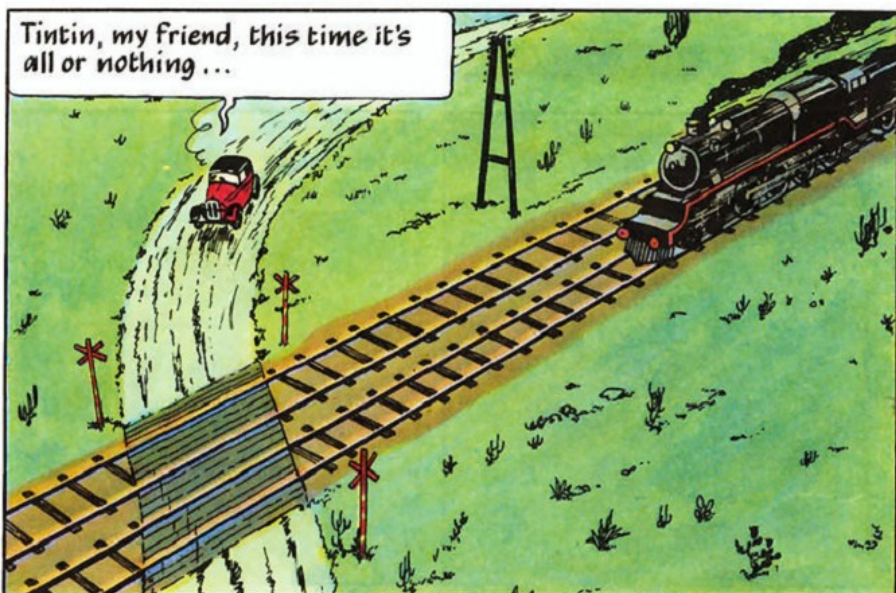
Snakes! I'm being followed!



TOOOOOOT

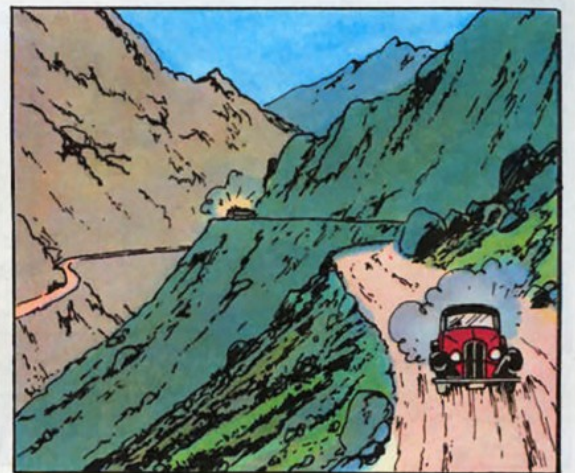
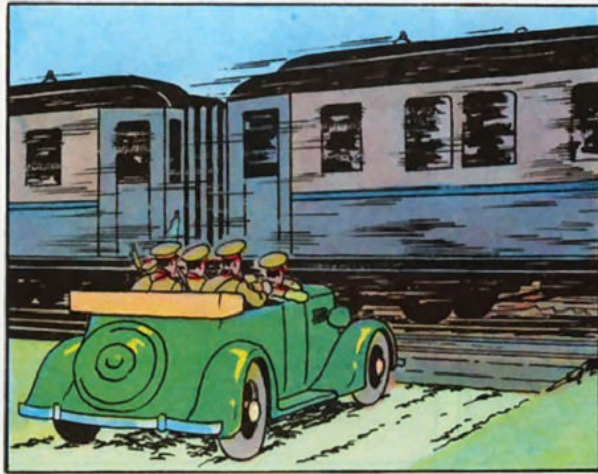
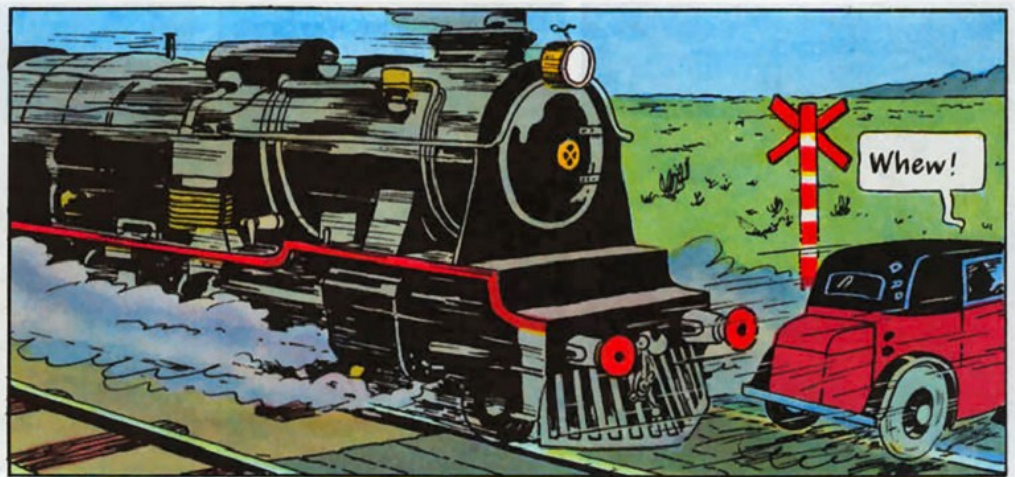


Caramba! A train!!...We've got him. The road  
crosses the railway. He'll have to stop, or he'll  
be smashed to smithereens!

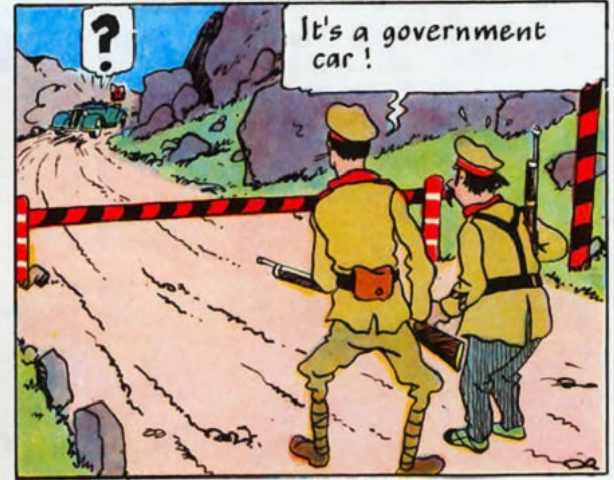
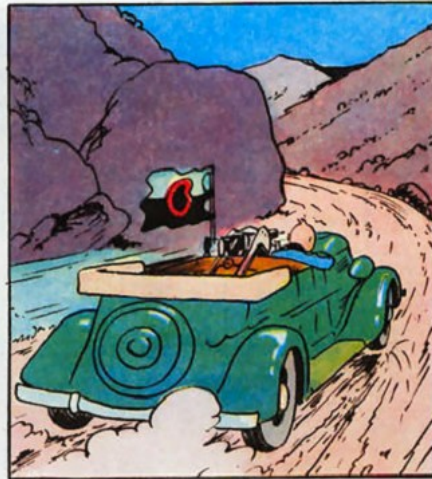
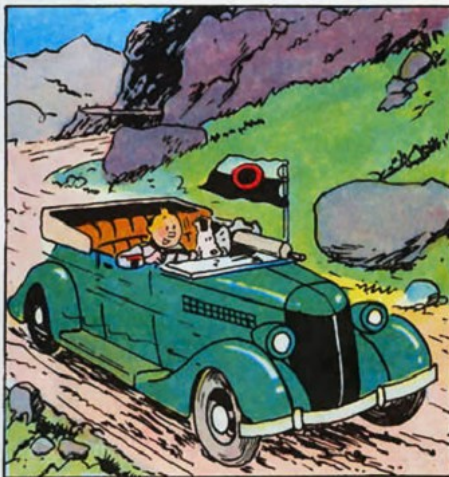


Tintin, my friend, this time it's  
all or nothing...



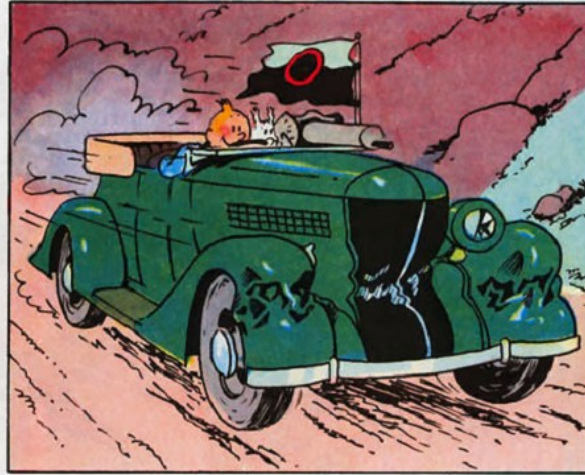
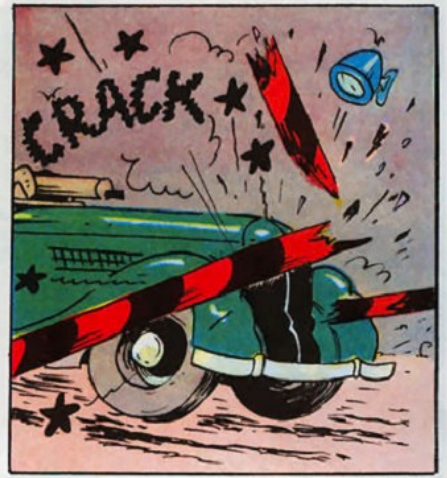
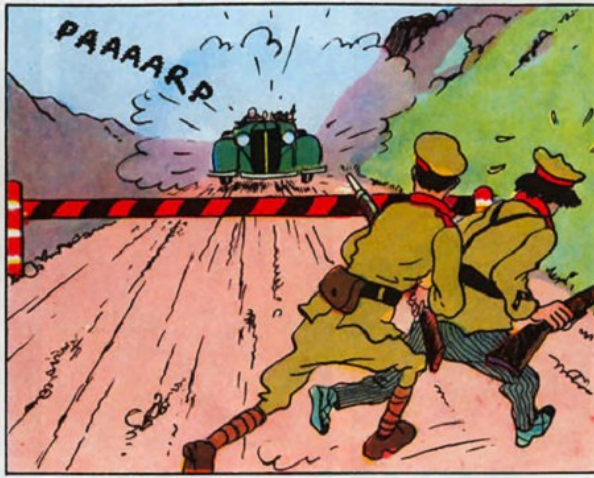
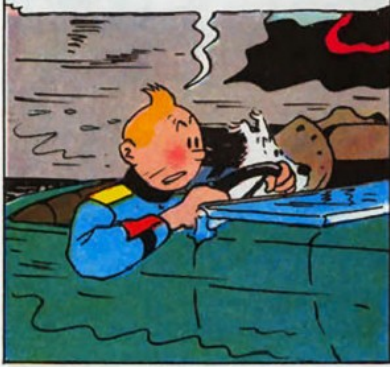








If they stop me, I'm caught...  
and if that's a strong  
barrier, I'm dead.



Hello?... Border post 31?...  
Patrol No.4 here... A San-  
Theodorian armoured  
car with a mounted  
machine-gun just raced past  
here, heading for the frontier.



Red alert!...San-  
Theodorian armoured  
car reported...  
Man your posts!



Watch out, Snowy!...They're  
shooting at our tyres!







An armoured car tried to attack border post 31. It was destroyed and one of the occupants, a colonel, was taken prisoner.



*In Sanfacion...*

General!...General!...This dispatch has just come by telephone!



"An armoured car ... "!!! This time it's war! That's what they want: that's what they'll get!



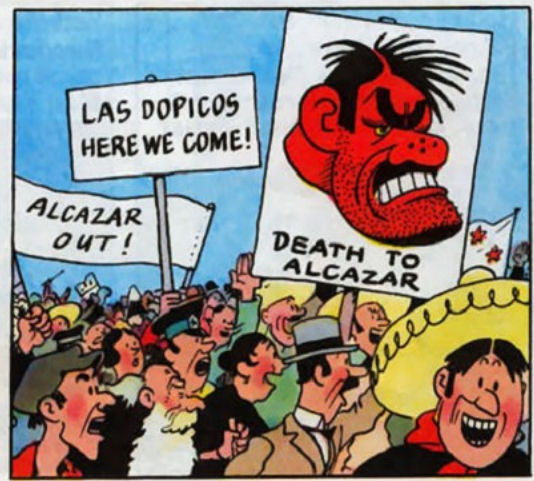
Pass this communiqué to the newspapers. I want special editions on the streets in an hour!



Sanfacion Star! ... Extra! ... Extra! ... Sanfacion Star! ... Extra!



**WAR! IT'S WAR!**  
A motorised column of the San-Theodorian army mounted a surprise attack today, but the enemy were repulsed by our valiant troops, who inflicted heavy casualties...



Hello?...Mr.Trickler?...Success! The Nuevo-Ricans have just declared war on us!...Yes...over some new incident on the border...



The Gran Chapo fields are ours! ... Once again General American Oil has beaten British South-American Petrol!



In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in Nuevo-Rican hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petrol will not forget your promises.

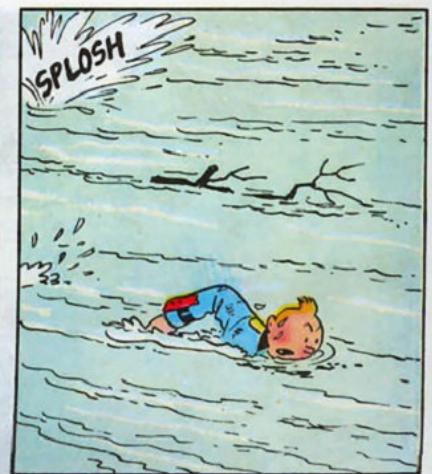
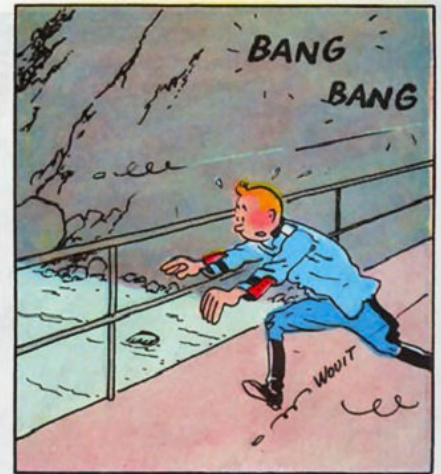
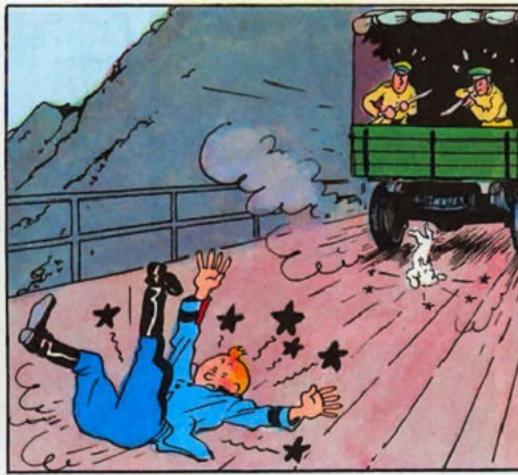
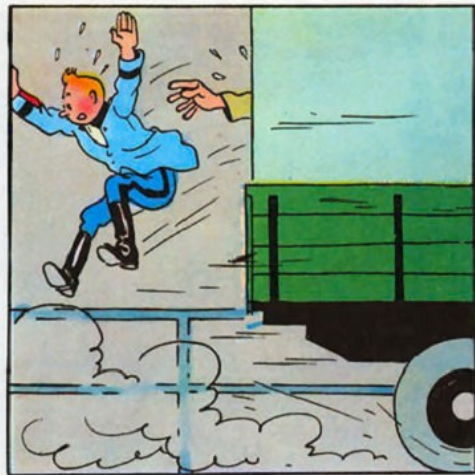
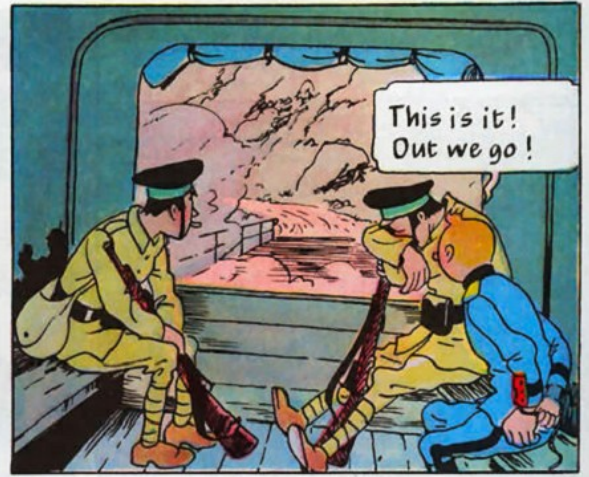


The first chance we get, we desert, and ...

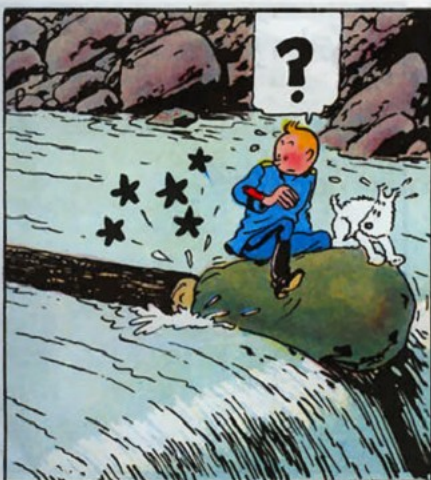
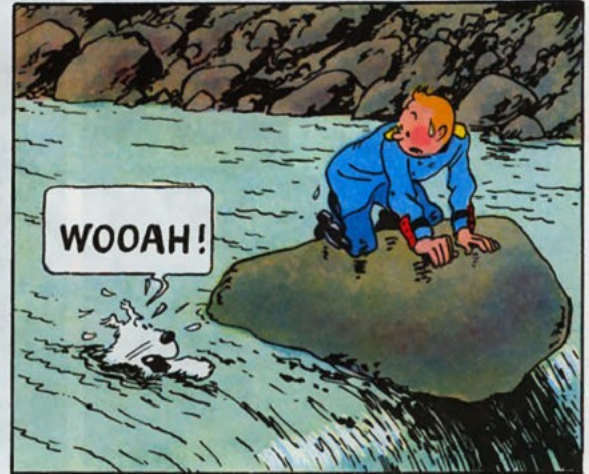
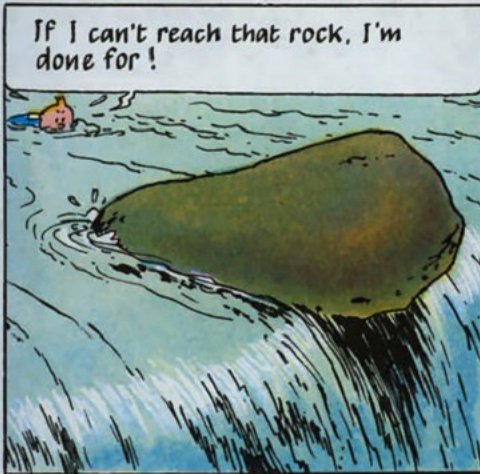
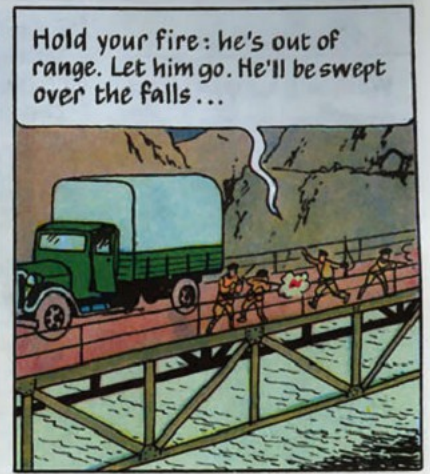
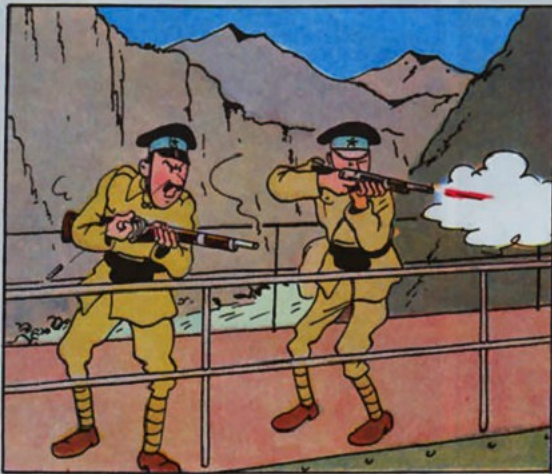
... we look for thees fetish again.











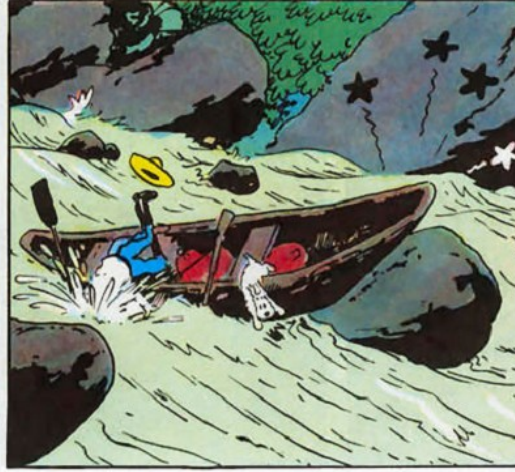








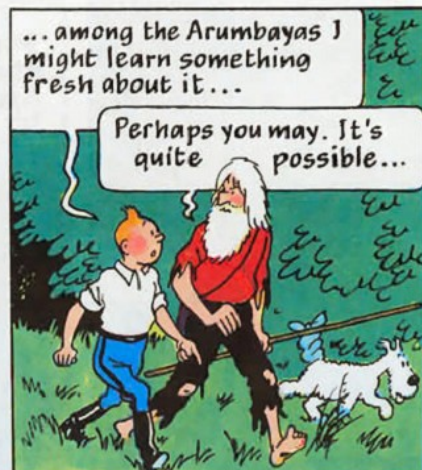
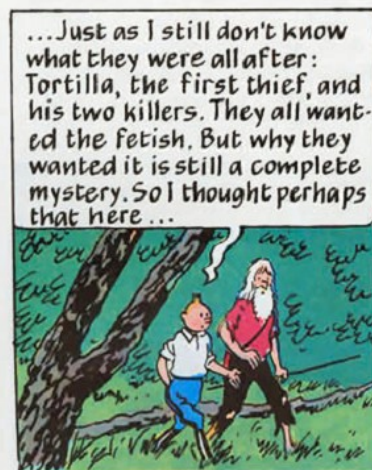
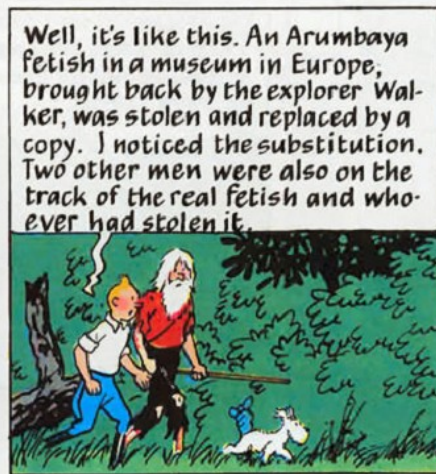
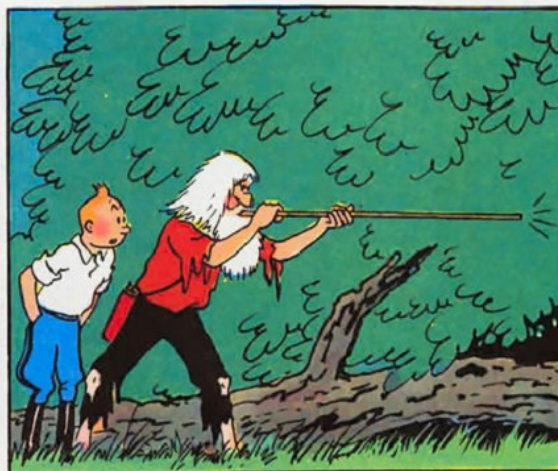
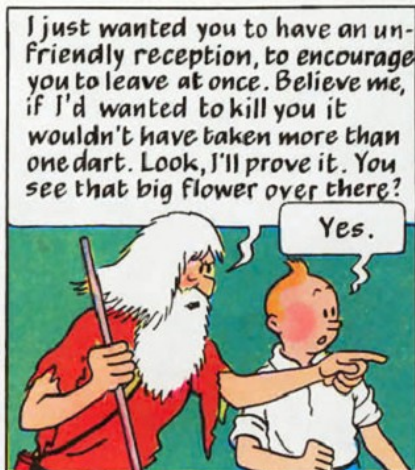
















What will they do to us? That's easy! They'll cut off our heads and by a most ingenious process they'll shrink them to the size of an apple!



Ahw wada lu'vali bahn chaco conats! Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He means our heads will soon be added to his collection!



They've gone... Snowy, you've absolutely got to save Tintin.



If I can find the Arumbaya village, and take this thing to them, perhaps they'll understand that its owner is in danger...



Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village...

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be cured, he must eat the heart of the first animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most powerful one!



What a strange animal!... And what's it carrying in its mouth? A quiver! That's funny... I must try to catch it alive...







See, O witch-doctor. This cloth belongs to the old bearded one, and the quiver also. Perhaps the old bearded one is in danger?



You mind your own business!... Give me the animal and go!... I shall kill the creature and take out its heart; this I shall give to your son to eat. Go now!



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family... and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now: he won't gossip... But he's right. The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas. Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things... they might give me away.



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers...



Stop, O chief of the Rumbabas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are friends of the forest. You will set them free.



V-v-very w-w-... well!

It's magic... witchcraft!



Magic?... Didn't you realise it was me speaking?... I'm a ventriloquist... Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Good heavens!

Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon...



My end!

We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother...







YAAH!



The old bearded one!



The villain! ...Lucky you decided to come and look for us Karamelo... Otherwise we'd have been too late.



Let me introduce Avakuki, chief of the Arumbayas

Owar ya? Ts goota meeche mai 'tee

It's a pleasure, Sir...



Naluk. Djarem membah dabrah nai dul? Tintin zluk infu rit'h. Kanyah elpim?

Dabrah nai dul? Oi, oi! Slaika toljah. Datrai b'giv dabrah nai dul ta'Walker. Ewuz anais-gi. Buttiz'h felaz tukahr presh usdjuel. Enefda Arumbayas ket chimdai lavis gutsfa gahtah'z. Nomess in'h!



I was just asking the chief about the fetish, and this is what he told me... You'll be interested ...

I'm all ears!



Nitwits!



Cohrluv ahduk! Ai tolja tahitta ferlip inbaul intada oh'! Andatdohn meenis ferlip ineer oh'!



I should never have started to teach them golf! They just can't learn to play properly!



But to come back to the fetish. The elders of the tribe still remember about the Walker expedition. It's quite a tale. They know that a fetish was offered as a token of friendship to Walker during his stay with the tribe. But as soon as the explorers had left ...



The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake-bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.



The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party... Walker himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered... That's how the story goes.



Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!



Listen!... The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on...



But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding-place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.



So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!



Some days later...



Meanwhile...



We simply must get hold of a canoe...



Look!... There's a canoe... and with one man only... But... I think I am seeing things... or it's a dream... The man...

Caramba!... It's Tintin!



We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey...



So we meet again, eh?



Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Ville de Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!

Really?

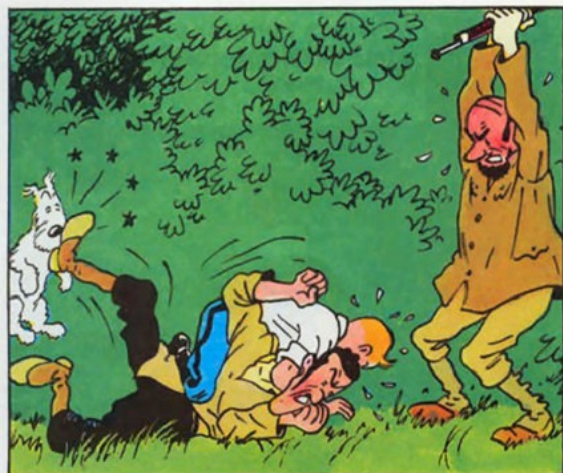


Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you... You are going to pay dearly, my friend!

No! I told you... The real fetish wasn't aboard...







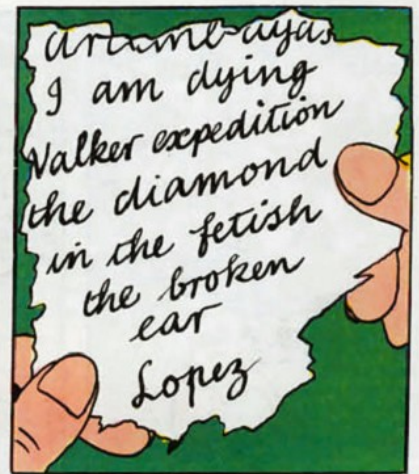




Good! ... Now they're safely taken care of, let's see what he's got in his wallet.



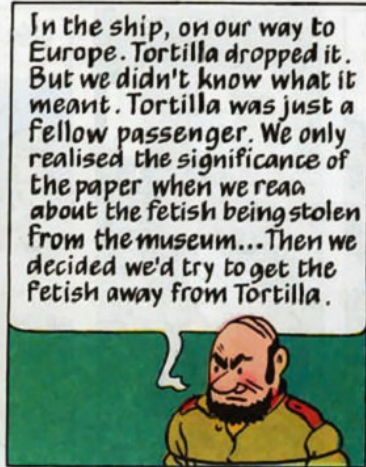
OHO!



Arambaya  
I am dying  
Walker expedition  
the diamond  
in the fetish  
the broken  
ear  
Lopez



Where did you get this note? ... Tell me!



In the ship, on our way to Europe. Tortilla dropped it. But we didn't know what it meant. Tortilla was just a fellow passenger. We only realised the significance of the paper when we read about the fetish being stolen from the museum... Then we decided we'd try to get the fetish away from Tortilla.



Excellent! ... Now, the only thing we don't know is how Tortilla got hold of this note. But since he's dead, I don't suppose we'll ever discover that! ... So now, gentlemen, let's get moving!



And behave yourselves!



What are you planning to do with us?

No problem. I shall hand you over to justice. I think you well deserve it!



Hand us over to justice? ... Ha! ha! ha!



Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, my fine friend ...

Teep heem een! ...



Got you!

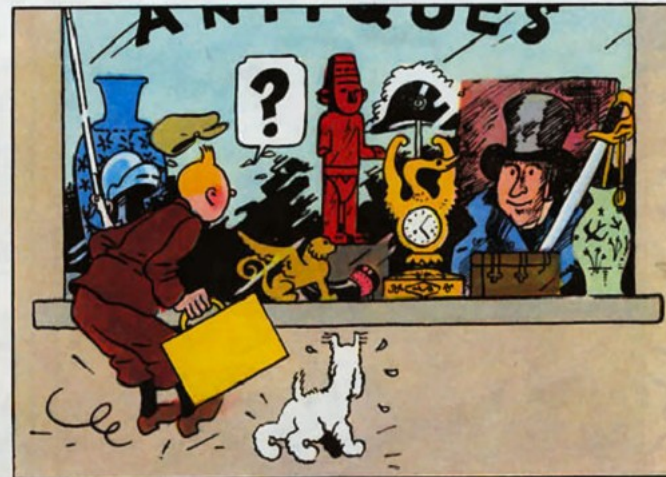
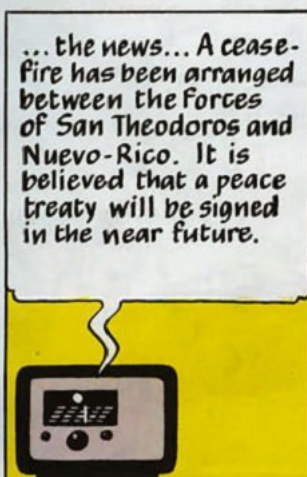
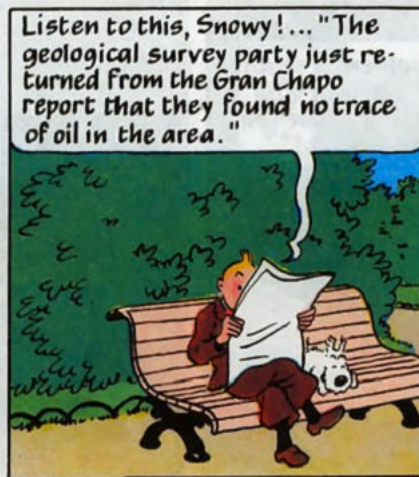
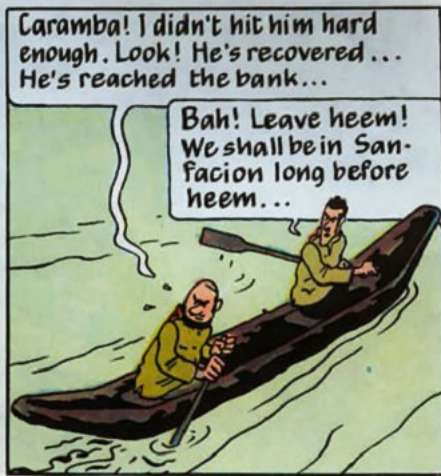
Bravo!



There! ...

Hee's feenished! Look, Alonso. Thees piranhas, thees man-eating feeshes... they come for heem already









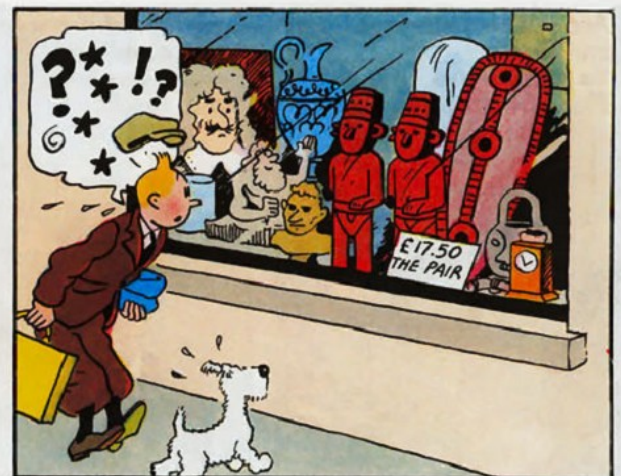
Good heavens!... It's fantastic!



Think of the thousands of miles I've travelled to find this thing!



£100... Cheap at the price!... But come to think of it, I should have asked how he managed to get hold of the fetish...



!?!... There's no mistake... They've both got a broken ear!... I can't believe it... It's absolutely incredible!



This time I really will find out where they came from!



Good morning. Would you be kind enough to tell me who brought you those two fetishes?

Ah, yes, the two little fetishes... who brought them to me?...



A bit of a struggle, but at last I've got the address... Mr. Balthazar, 32 Lamb's Lane... That isn't very far. We'll go straight there.



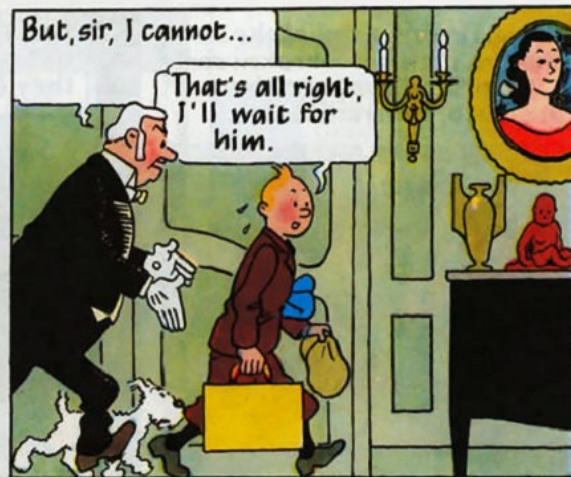
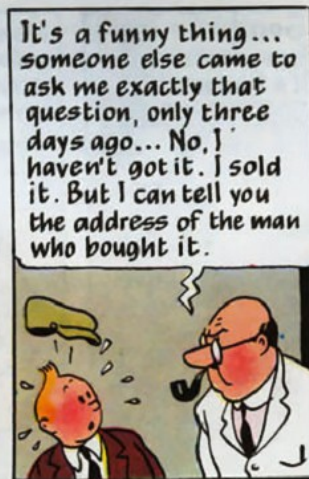
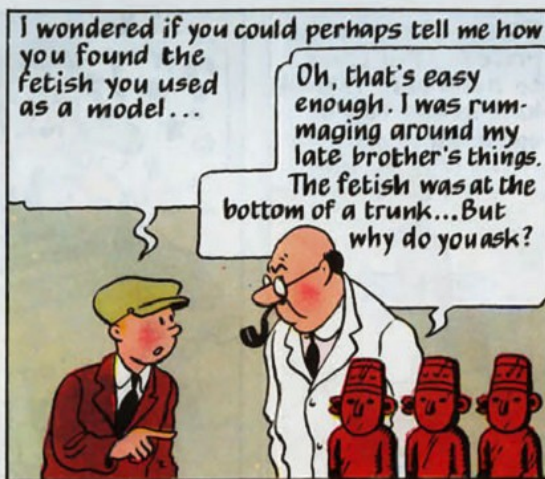
This is it.



Here we are...





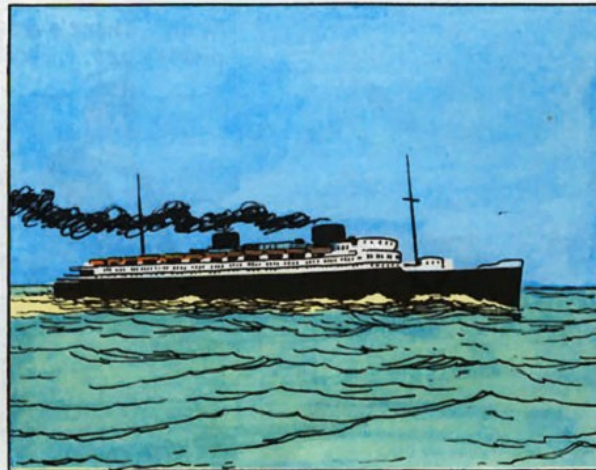




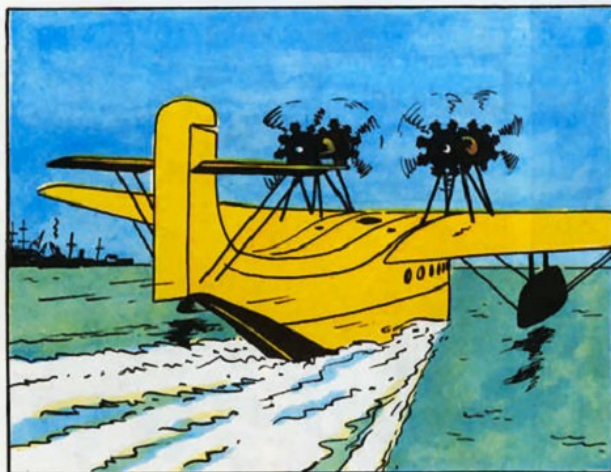
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far ...



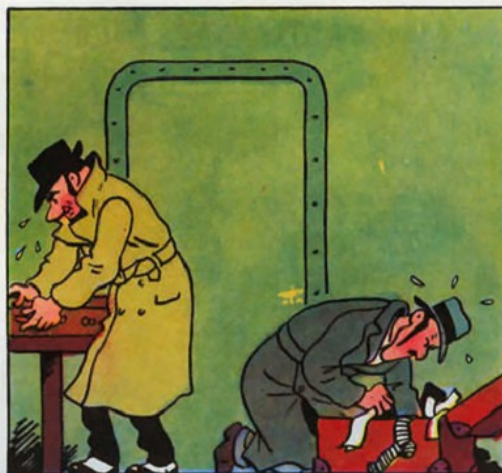
... catch the 'Washington', eh? ... Hmm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



First service for lunch, please! ... First service for lunch! ...



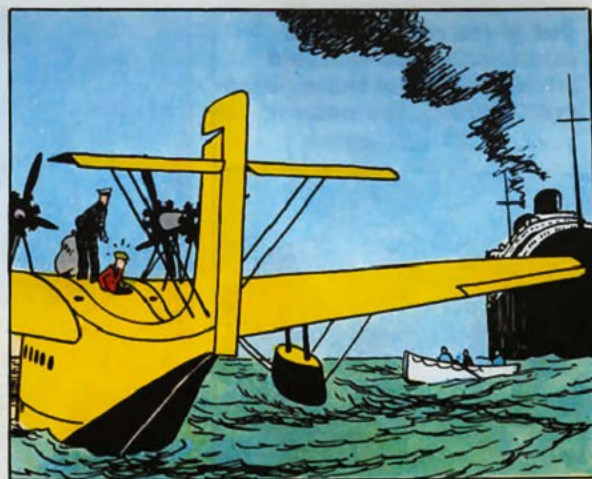
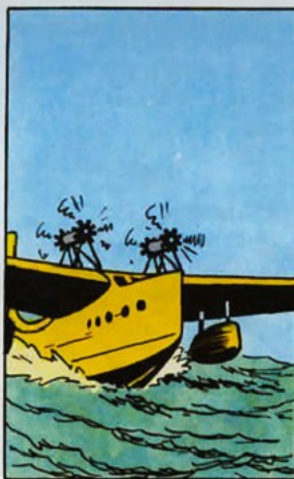
There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!



Ramón! ... Ramón! ... Look! ... I've got it!













Oooh! My fetish!  
My beautiful fetish!



Mr. Goldbarr?... I'm terribly sorry  
your fetish has been damaged.  
I can explain everything if you'll  
allow me...



... I think you should know  
that your fetish is stolen  
property.



Stolen?!  
... But  
I...

Yes, I know  
where you bought  
it, and I'm sure the  
man who sold it  
to you acted in  
good faith...



If that's the case, I wouldn't  
consider keeping the fetish  
for a moment longer. If  
you're going back on shore,  
can I ask you to take it and  
restore it to the museum  
where it belongs? I'd  
be greatly obliged!



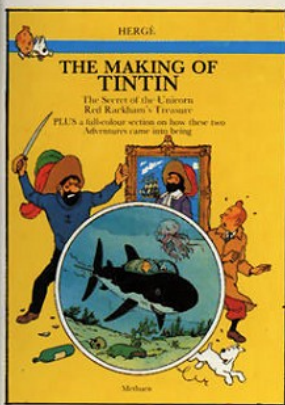
May I please speak to the  
Director?



And now, Snowy my  
friend, we're going to  
take a well-earned  
rest!

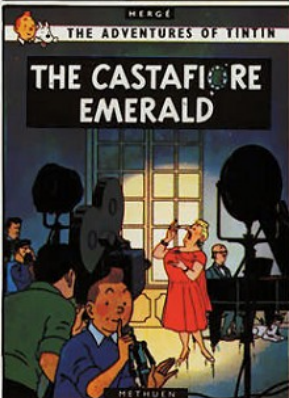
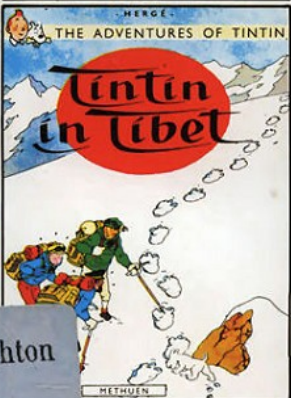
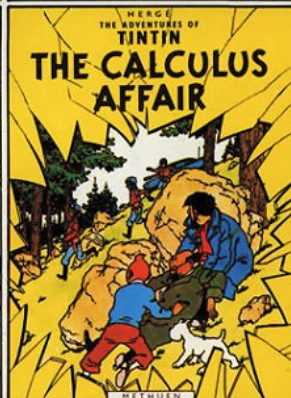
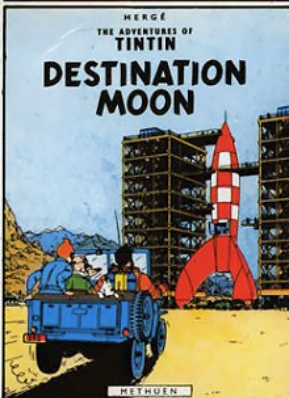
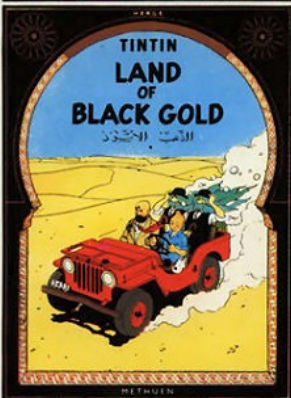
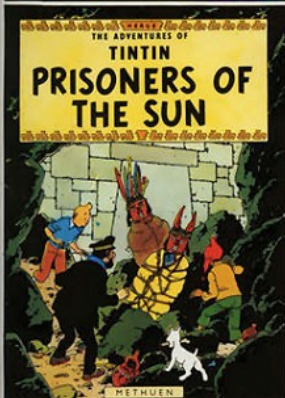
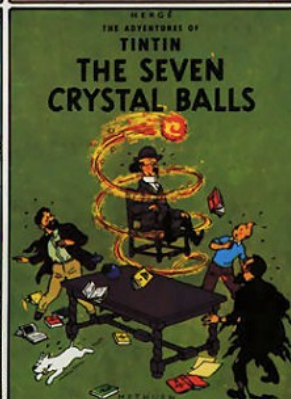
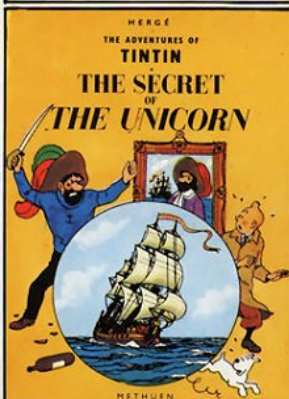
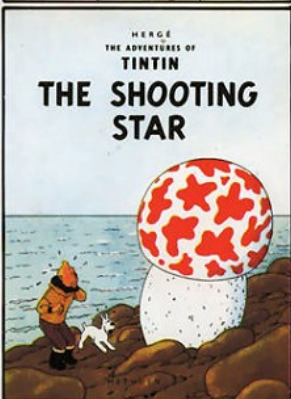
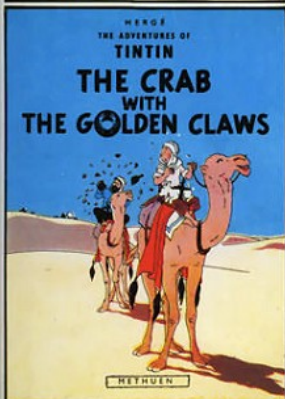
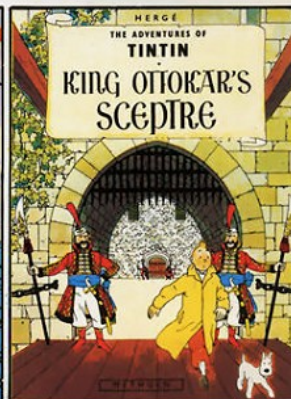
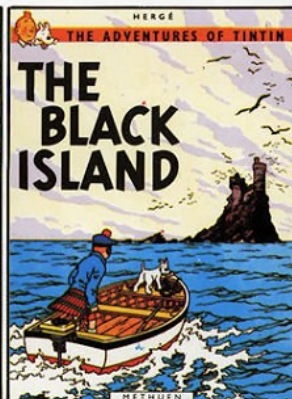
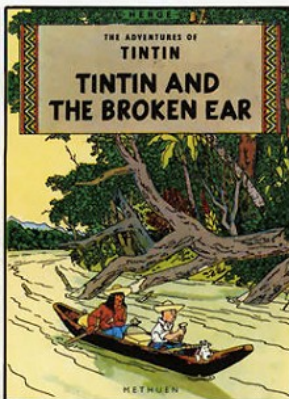
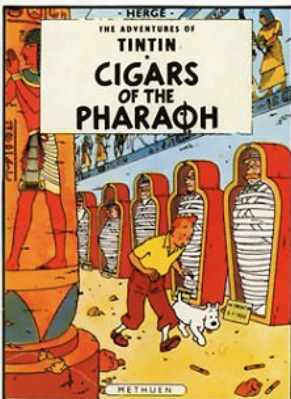
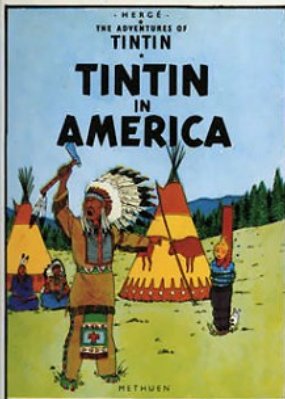
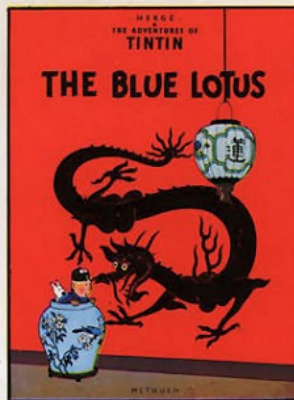






# THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

by HERGÉ



Hodder & Stoughton

\$5.95

recommended retail price

book based on the characters created by Hergé: TINTIN AND THE LAKE OF SHARKS.